New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Hard Heads in the High

In a more robust age the clerks of Oxford would have burnt Lord Hailsham's effigy in the High. But that is not the mood today, either in Oxford or in the other universities where undergraduates have been expressing their views on nuclear disarmament. These young men and women have been doing what the citizens of a democracy are supposed to do – reading the newspapers, thinking over the facts, arguing about their implications, and reaching their own conclusions. The polls and the petitions are simply one way in which they can express their opinions, for most of them have not yet had the chance to vote. When Lord Hailsham makes a petulant gibe at 'government by undergraduate referendum' he merely hardens their contempt for politicians who seem incompetent to govern at all.

What have these students done to anger Lord Hailsham? Why should they be denounced in pompous letters to *The Times* as hysterics misled by a handful of extremists? They have committed a cardinal sin against the feeble politicians of the Establishment – they have demanded the right to be heard, to say 'no extinction without representation'. For the spokesmen of the Establishment fear and distrust public opinion, though they pay lip-service to it. Democracy, in their view, means the privilege of voting when asked, not a continuous process of criticism and debate. They want to keep the public quiet, and, as Mr Macmillan revealed by his evasive answers on Tuesday to questions about the H-bombers, they do not care if this means that the public must also be ill-informed. For the Tame Men, all disturbing facts are subversive and all independent and rational opinion hysterical.

No wonder that the clerks of Oxford are contumacious democrats. They should be, and it is a healthy sign that they are. For they have lost confidence in a government which seems dishonest as well as wrong-headed, and they are sceptical about easy or emotional alternatives. That is the lesson of their referendum – not only its conclusions, but the manner in which those conclusions were reached. In every college – and in the common-rooms and coffee-houses across the country – there has been serious discussion of the facts about our defence policy, and a genuine effort to come to sensible decisions about those facts. Anyone who examines, for instance, the elaborate supplementary answers written in by a majority of the respondents to the Oxford questionnaire will appreciate that it has served its purpose well. And that purpose was to create an informed undergraduate opinion, not to score a propaganda victory for a particular cause.

That is why the facile comparisons between the mood of the universities today and the ferment of the Thirties are mischievous as well as inaccurate. Sir David Eccles may fulminate against the people whose pacifism 'encouraged Hitler', and the leader-writers in Tory newspapers may misrepresent the Peace Ballot. They are both falsifying history. But they libel the present generation of undergraduates as well. The present mood has little in common with the complex balance of pacifism and anti-fascism that was achieved by the students of the Thirties. It is a mood of scepticism, of self-discovery.

The phases of university opinion are revealing and important, for undergraduates often anticipate a wider movement of public opinion; the conditions of student life focus such movements more sharply. In the Thirties, the Popular Front dominated student politics before it became a national campaign. Immediately after the war, the drift away from the Labour government could be detected more clearly and sooner among undergraduates than in the country as a whole. So, too, could the Tory revival. And so, again, could the reaction against party politics, the growing distaste for the Machine Men, which is now finding all kinds of 'unofficial' expression – from the increase in the Liberal vote to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. If Lord Hailsham and his colleagues had the wit to learn the lessons of this referendum we might have more responsible government. And if Mr Gaitskell, too, were to pay more attention to what the under-25s are thinking, we might have a more effective opposition. It will not be good enough for Labour to count on picking up the votes of young people because they are disgruntled with the Tories – the Liberals can do that just as easily.

Comments on the Week's News

Malta's Future

One question dominates the negotiations about Malta. What is to be the fate of the workers when dockyard activity is either greatly reduced or completely ended in 1960? The British government has promised that 12,000 men will be employed until that date. It is known, however, that their number will certainly be cut substantially in that year. Their fate affects not only themselves but their many dependants and those whose employment depends on their expenditure and the revenues of the Maltese government. Dom Mintoff and his delegation maintain that preparations must be made now to meet this collapse of what is virtually Malta's only industry. They demand particularly that the 'remedial' clause guaranteeing special measures in the event of considerable unemployment be clearly defined now so that unemployed Maltese workers are guaranteed something approaching the same assistance rates as those in Britain. Unfortunately the Colonial Office, with the Treasury behind it, is trying to impose the same policy of financial stringency as the government is now applying to Britain and the other colonies. It will not even admit the probability of a Maltese employment crisis and adamantly refuses to infuse the capital required to promote alternative industries. In this morass of argument the central issue of integration is rapidly going by default. The government now has clearly abandoned its plan to introduce the constitutional legislation during the present session. Mr Mintoff may therefore be left to fight his general election, which must be held this year, in a dangerous vacuum. He would be well advised to seize any chance of securing constitutional agreement before it finally disappears.

The Busmen's Next Step

London busmen, having decided to await Mr Cousins' return from abroad, are not meeting till early next week to settle on their attitude towards the arbitration award which gives some of them – the drivers and conductors in central London – a substantial advance, but allows nothing to the country services or to the garage workers. The award was obviously designed to avoid anything that could give a handle to the provincial busmen, who have been waiting for it before formulating their own claim. There is considerable anger among the London men who have been refused an advance, and a number of garages have already threatened a stoppage of all the country services operated by London Transport. There are also reports of possible action by the workers on London Underground, who were not parties to the dispute, but are threatening sympathetic action if the busmen come out on strike. Meanwhile the hearing of the railwaymen's claim before the Railway Staff Tribunal has begun with the refusal of any concession by London Transport, which denies that it is finding any difficulty, saving a few special cases, in attracting enough labour at the present rates, and rejects the view that railwaymen are underpaid in comparison with other workers. At this stage, in face of the government's refusal to find any money, or to allow fares to be raised, to cover wage advances, London Transport can hardly be expected to adopt any other attitude; but it has still to be seen what view the Tribunal will take. Its award is in any case not binding, any more than is that of the London busmen's claim. London Transport has declared its preparedness to accept the bus award as it stands, but has refused to make any concession to those whom it excludes. Mr Cousins thus finds himself confronted with a difficult decision, which he may try to defer until the result of the railway application is known. He can hardly do anything at present in face of the strength of feeling both among the excluded classes in London and among provincial busmen.

No Change in the Sudan

The Sudan elections have brought back to power the same coalition headed by the conservative pro-western Umma Party. Sayed Abdullah Khalil has been re-elected Prime Minister, and parliament has adjourned for the fasting month of Ramadan. During this recess, Khalil will form his government and consider the serious economic problems facing the country. A hesitant cotton sales policy last year drew no benefit from the suspension of Anglo-Egyptian trade – Egypt is the Sudan's chief rival in the marketing of long-staple cotton – and left the Sudan with a third of the crop on its hands and a foreign trading deficit for the year of £15 million – a serious drain on the country's reserves in London of £35 million. Imports remained high and largely uncontrolled, while an ambitious development programme was continued. The new season's cotton crop is only a quarter of last year's and the quality is mostly poor. The Sudan will not be able to continue its development programme – particularly the 800,000-acre Managil extension to the cotton area, and the building of the Roseires Dam on the Blue Nile – without aid from abroad. First call will be on the International Bank, but the Bank has made it clear it will finance neither major scheme unless a settlement is first reached with Egypt on sharing the waters of the Nile. The Nile Waters question has been discussed between the two countries on and off for three years and agreement seems as far off as ever. President Nasser, still smarting from the loss of prestige he suffered in the frontier incidents last month and bearing no love for the Umma Party, is not likely to rush to a quick settlement now.

The Disengagement Debate

So far nobody has produced a practicable disengagement plan. The Rapacki proposals, by excluding reductions in conventional forces, are open to the objection that they would alter the military balance in Russia's favour; and Mr Gaitskell's plan, by insisting on German reunification, introduces a political condition, known to be unacceptable to Russia, which has nothing to do with disengagement. But the discussion has already served one purpose: it has placed the advocates of the old Nato line on the defensive by forcing them to admit that they have no alternative except the maintenance of the potentially explosive *status quo*. For example, in the latest Conservative Political Centre pamphlet, *Dare Democracy Disengage?*, Mr Peregrine Worsthorne rejects disengagement, not on the merits of the case, but because he does not believe any agreement can be made with Russia until the Soviet system is changed. In diplomacy, he says, there are powers which play the game according to the rules, and those which do not; and the twain can never meet. Being a logical man, however, he puts the revolutionary France of 1789 into the same category as Krushchev's Russia, and therefore finds himself in the absurd position of defending democratic Europe against Communist dictatorship using exactly the same arguments which the monarchial dictatorships employed in 1789 against European democracy. The answer, of course, is that in diplomacy no power ever willingly obeys any rules unless they are heavily weighted in its favour. At the other end of the political spectrum, Mr Konni Zilliacus in the current issue of *The New Reasoner* falls into the same error as Mr Worsthorne. Pursuing the logic of recent official Labour foreign policy statements, he draws up a comprehensive plan which would solve all international problems, from the division of Germany to the arms race, in one gigantic treaty. But at no point does he consider the objections to his scheme likely to be raised by Russia, let alone America and the various European states involved (or, for that matter, the Labour Party, whose leaders will certainly be startled by Mr Zilliacus' interpretation of the commitments they have undertaken). Both these documents, in fact, are written in a complete political vacuum. The great virtue of the disengagement concept is that it is essentially a limited one, designed to effect a retreat, however minute, from the Cold War parapet. Any attempt to broaden the scheme into a panacea for East-West relations will inevitably wreck the slender chances it offers.

Salazar's Revenge

In 1947, Captain Henrique Galvao, then a National Union deputy in the so-called Portuguese parliament, was sent by the government on a fact-finding mission to the Portuguese slave-colony of Angola. The object of the mission was to answer UN criticisms by producing a whitewash report. Instead, Galvao was appalled by what he discovered – corruption, maladministration and the 'contractual' labour system – and his report was severely critical of Salazar. The report was suppressed and Galvao was removed from his position as a deputy. Since then he has been systematically persecuted by the regime. In 1951, following his support for the opposition candidate, Admiral Meireles, in the presidential elections, he was arrested, tried in 1953, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment for 'conspiring against the state'. In January, he was brought to trial again on a charge, dating from 1954, that whilst in prison he printed and circulated leaflets criticising the Head of State. Although Galvao is now 63 and, as a result of his treatment in prison, a chronically sick man, the efforts of his lawyers to obtain a postponment of his trial failed. The trial was held in secret and Galvao was not permitted to call witnesses or to prepare his defence properly, and his lawyers were threatened with imprisonment. It ended on Monday, when Galvao was sentenced to 16 years.

Central Africa

Two sharply contrasting developments have occurred in central Africa this week. On the one hand vigorous protests have been made inside and outside the Nyasaland Legislative Council

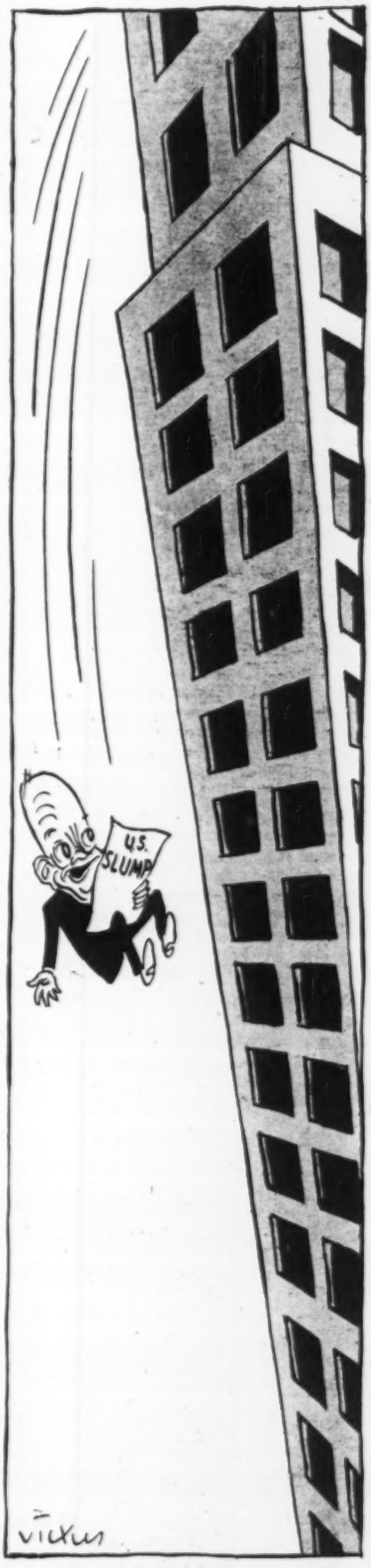
against the introduction of the Federal Electoral Act. On the other the European and African Mineworkers' Union in Northern Rhodesia have initiated a joint campaign against the government's industrial legislation. Not content with steamrolling approval of a federal bill through the House of Commons, Lennox-Boyd has now apparently instructed his Nyasaland officials to vote for the bill against united African opposition and thus ensure its passage in the Legislative Council. This must further undermine the confidence of Africans in the present Colonial Office and deepen the breach between them and their colonial officials. The two-roll system will now be introduced for all Nyasaland elections, with the unhappy result that African anger will now be turned not simply against hated federation but also against the principle of common-roll elections. On the other hand, the joint union campaign shows encouraging signs of a trend on the copper belt to view trade union interests above racial considerations. There is still a long way to go before the operation of racial prejudice in industry is destroyed but this joint move against a bill designed to attack the closed shop marks a step forward in co-operation between African and European trade unionists.

TV at the Polls

The doubts that both the main parties feel about television at by-elections were strengthened by the dispute that arose at Kelvingrove. After Mrs Elliot, the Conservative candidate, had used her quota of time, an allegation was made by Mr Murray, the Liberal Home Ruler. Mrs Elliot took strong exception to the remark, but had no opportunity to deny it immediately: her request for a retraction and Mr Murray's comment on it had to be published in the press. 'I think this raises big questions of how these television broadcasts should be conducted', Mrs Elliot said later. The Labour agent took a similar view. 'Televising by-elections is dangerous and difficult', he said, 'and will have to be looked at again at a very high level'. No doubt the party managers will take a similar attitude. There is, of course, substance in the point. As these programmes are at present arranged, there may be no opportunity to reply to an innuendo or an allegation that could be more damaging than anything said at a meeting or written in the press. If, however, the television companies were able to 'report', subject to general conditions of fairness over the period of an election, they would be able to use editorial judgment in deciding whether or not to carry a correction in a later programme. We do not minimise the difficulties or deny the need for safeguards: it might be sensible to keep election material off the air and the screen in the last 72 hours before the poll. But excessive restriction is likely to raise as many problems as it is intended to solve.

France-Observateur

The courageous and outspoken French left-wing weekly, *France-Observateur*, has had five entire issues seized by the Paris police within the last six months. In consequence, the paper, despite its large circulation, is in financial difficulties. Readers who may wish to help it in its campaign against the use of torture in Algeria can take out a subscription (£2 12s for one year) at its London office, 34 Somali Road, London, NW2.



'Well, it's all right so far. . .!'

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

'La Police Avec Nous!'

Our Paris Correspondent writes: 'The police are neither right-wing nor left-wing', was the prim rejoinder of M. Bourgès-Maunoury, the Minister of the Interior, when, a fortnight ago, Communist deputies accused the police of political partiality in breaking up student demonstrations. The deputies cheered his remark. The same day, the French TV network broadcast a moving documentary, showing the fearful dangers encountered by gendarmes in patrolling the Arab quarters of Paris. It is not easy to work up any affection for the average Parisian policeman, but the public had been growing more warmly disposed to him since Algerian terrorists began active operations in the capital. Then abruptly last Thursday, the new image was shattered. During the history of French parliamentary democracy, the deputies have been threatened with violence by virtually every interest group in the Republic; but never before by the police themselves. For over two hours, all traffic in the centre of Paris was brought to a standstill, and the air made hideous by sirens and horns (normally punishable by a fine of 3,200 francs). Among the slogans which reached the ears of the quivering deputies inside the Assembly were shouts of 'Algeria must stay French', 'Hang the Jews' and 'Throw the deputies in the Seine'; while various senior officials, such as M. Roches, Commissioner of the City Police, who tried to restrain the demonstrators, received hefty kicks in the pants. What impressed the deputies most of all was the fact that if the police had wished to invade the Chamber itself, and carry out their threats, there would have been nothing to stop them.

Naturally, in response to the outcry from his so-called majority, M. Gaillard has fired the prefect of police and threatened dire measures against the leaders of the policemen's union, nominally responsible for the riot. But this, of course, will not solve the problem. Fascist control of the Paris police is the direct result of the Algerian war, and the two things are inseparable. There is no documentary evidence that FLN terrorists in Paris have received orders to kill policemen; but the fact is that for the last six weeks they have been systematically attempting to do so. Consequently, the police are currently engaged in a race war, and anyone with a dark skin is now automatically suspect and liable to be shot on sight. The recent foray in the Rue Nôtre Dame de Nazareth is a case in point. A car containing four Algerians drew up near the police station. A few seconds later there was the sound of a shot. Immediately, the occupants of the station poured out and killed three of the Algerians with machine-guns. Only afterwards was it established that none of the occupants of the car was armed, and that they were merely visiting friends in a house on the same side of the street.

In this atmosphere, the police are gunning not only for Algerians, but for those they call the 'defeatists'. The old prefect, Lahillonne, unofficially encouraged the harassing of left-wing

journalists and students, and replaced policemen who had been in the Resistance – and therefore considered 'soft' – with 'reliable' ex-collaborators and Fascists. Hence in recent weeks the police have been working more or less hand in glove with the street-gangs controlled by Messrs Biaggi and Le Pen. Ex-Inspector Dides has become the effective Prefect of Police, and the Fascist weekly *Rivarol* supplies the rank-and-file with their orders. Last Thursday's demonstration merely served to reveal the real state of affairs, and the deputies who think that the police can be disciplined by a change of prefect are deceiving themselves: the guilty men sit beside them in the Assembly.

Peking

Blind Exodus

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: In Communist China the industrial machine has been so much glorified that the peasant is almost self-conscious in his bullock cart. The rice cultivator may be photogenic, but it is the factory worker who is the popular hero. In time this over-emphasis on the machine may have serious results for the countryside. Indeed, the danger signal was given in the Central Committee of the Communist Party at the end of last year, when the policy was formulated of sending cadres down to the villages. Ch'ih Liao-chou has written in *Peking Jen Min Jih Pao*: 'In the past few years we have somewhat over-propagandised industrialisation and have sent a large number of cadres to industry. That is very necessary and moreover has played a useful part. But our propaganda for agriculture has not been adequate, and as a result the tendency to regard agriculture as a contemptible occupation has grown. The sending of cadres to the countryside to take part in actual production will no doubt play an important part in changing this tendency.' Ch'in Wen-sheng *(Cheng Chih Hsueh Hsi)* explained why large numbers of cadres were now being sent to the countryside: 'Since liberation, the party and the government have absorbed quite a large number of young intellectuals into their leadership organs. Young, zealous, active and hard-working, they make rapid advances. But the majority of them have not come from a worker's family, have not had the opportunity of going through revolutionary wars and standing the test of acute class struggles. . . . They have never come in touch with workers and peasants, nor have they the feeling and knowledge of production struggle and class struggle, nor any work experiences of the basic level. It is therefore necessary for them to go to the countryside to the labour front. . . . They should consider the acquiring of qualifications as workers and peasants as of equal significance to the diplomas they receive as primary school, middle school or college graduates.'

The other side of this same problem is the growing tendency of country people wanting to live in the towns. 'Stop Blind Rural Exodus', the *Peking Jen Min Jih Pao* wrote editorially. 'The key to the prevention of the rural exodus lies in a strengthened ideological education of the peasant masses. One of the reasons for the exodus is that the persons involved have allowed themselves to be taken in by reports that jobs are easy to find in cities.' The Central Committee and State Council recently issued a directive on this subject. In the five provinces, Shantung, Kiangsu, Anhwei, Honan and Hopei, where the problem was greatest, areas along the railway lines were marked off with 'preventive offices' where local officials were able to send the peasants back home. Peasants who had already drifted into cities were organised to do productive work to earn the money needed for their return fare. In one province – Sinkiang – according to the *Urumchi Sinkiang Jih Pao*, the People's Council, 'in a recent circular, urged various units to educate the entire body or working personnel not to write to peasants drawing them into cities to find work. . . . It also urged the entire body of working personnel to describe by letter the difficulties of obtaining employment in the cities at present, and stop writing to their relatives and friends asking them to come to cities to find employment'.

'The struggle waged on the political and ideological fronts in the rural districts is still very acute,' Shen Chia wrote in the *Cheng Chih Hsueh Hsi* in an article entitled 'Why Socialist education must be conducted among the peasants'. 'Such a campaign is to make the peasants, particularly the well-to-do middle peasants, accept Socialist transformation, and to enable the party organisations and most party cadres to rectify their work style.'

Westminster

Undisposed Bombs

The Prime Minister was in his most ingratiating mood. In assuring Mr Leslie Hale that a question of his would receive the most special attention, he bowed and gestured with such drawing room grace that Hale's face became suffused with pleasure and his head nearly fell off in nodding acknowledgment. But the answers which the Prime Minister did in fact give, not only to Hale but also to 12 other members, left none of us much wiser or happier about the possibility that the South Carolina H-bomb accident could repeat itself over here.

For months past, Labour members have been cross-examining Mr Macmillan about the flights of American H-bomb-loaded bombers through our skies. We were told at first that these were regular patrol flights and we assumed that this was the West's reply to the rockets which the Russians were assumed to have. Such a reply could not make sense unless the bombs could be brought to instant readiness while the plane was in flight. The thought of that, and of the accidents that could arise from it, so alarmed people inside and outside the House that Macmillan had a second go. These were not standing patrols, but only occasional ones, he said. When this did not go well either, he came back with the story that they were only training flights. But when pressed to say why, if that was so, aircrews could not be trained with dummies, he enveloped himself in service mystique of apparently 1914-18 variety and, later, gave the impression that these flights were after all, neither patrols nor training, but merely the means of transporting the bombs from America to this country – a proceeding, he was careful to add, which had been sanctioned by the Labour government. On Tuesday he was at it again. The flights, he said, were for the purpose of practising rapid dispersal or for special operational exercises. He added that the bombs were never ready for instantaneous use on these flights and that the process of making them so 'requires an elaborate procedure by the crew of the aircraft'.

An 'elaborate procedure by the crew'? If the procedure was elaborate, it would have to be practised. First Mr Aneurin Bevan and then Mr

New Statesmanship

Hugh Gaitskell seized on this point. Was there ever a time, while an aircraft was in flight, when the crew, for training purposes, fully assembled the bomb and therefore reached the point of danger? After a discursive reply about operational exercises and the need to carry both the bomb and its loading apparatus, Macmillan at last said that in fact the bomb was never made live in the air. If it was really true, said Gaitskell, what *was* the training given during these flights; and if, for purposes of training, it was not necessary to arm the bomb, why carry it at all? At this, Macmillan, for I think the first time, said that dummy bombs were used in training as much as possible and harped back to his idea of real-bomb flights being mainly for the purpose of practising dispersal. He then ended this instalment by suggesting that, if the Leader of the Opposition would agree to see him privately, he would learn something to his advantage.

All but the farmers, whose minds are even more wonderfully concentrated by threats to their livelihood than they are by threats to their lives, trooped from the Chamber asking themselves a single, all-embracing question, *viz*, what the hell really is going on? Can it be that the Prime Minister honestly does not know what is happening in Great Britain because the President of the United States will not tell him? Or can it be that in fact nothing particularly alarming is going on, that the bombs carried really are dummies, but that the Prime Minister wants to deceive the Russians into believing that the bombs are live? Or can it be that the bombs are really live, but that the Prime Minister wants to deceive the House into thinking that they are dummies?

One got the impression this week that the House as a whole would willingly dispense with old-world courtesy if it could get straight answers to these questions. One hopes that if Gaitskell *does* see Macmillan he will at least have better luck in private than any of us has had in public.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Fleet Street

Odes to Kelvingrove

The search for the inner meaning of events is as we all know one of the most difficult of human exercises. Truth is what you make it. Even so, need a comparatively simple event like a by-election result emerge in quite so many different shapes and guises when submitted to the analytical and, naturally, wholly objective scrutiny of political correspondents and leader writers? Kelvingrove has produced as fascinating a number of judgments – all based of course on hard facts – as even the most avid glutton for variety in political life could wish. All the same one significant fact stands out. The government's natural, if by now slightly strained, desire to shrug-off defeat as of no importance is no longer getting the press it used to do.

To begin on home territory. The *Glasgow Herald* remained staunch. That the seat had been lost by the Conservatives could not be denied. 'But it was', said the *Glasgow Herald*, 'a Conservative loss not a Labour gain' – and one that had caused neither undue surprise nor anxiety in Conservative ranks. Certainly it was not one in which it was necessary 'to read any great national significance' or to cause any change in Conservative plans. From Edinburgh the wind blew chillier – or possibly the *Scotsman's* political correspondent had been talking to a different and less blinkered set of Conservatives. 'The Conservative Party', he announced in black type across two columns on the front page, 'is worried after the defeat at Kelvingrove – and the Prime Minister's indifference is causing the utmost disquiet among a considerable section of his followers'. He went on to warn Mr Macmillan that: 'Increasing Conservative criticism may shake Mr Macmillan's complacency and even threaten his tenure of the Premiership.' Indeed, remarked the *Scotsman's* political correspondent morosely, even those 'who put Mr Macmillan into power and office are starting to wonder if they really made the best choice in those dramatic days of 16 months ago. . . . It would be a mistake to assume that for Mr Butler the sun has finally set'.

South of the border none of the national Conservative papers quite brought themselves to emulate the *Scotsman's* outspokenness. But none – except the *Daily Sketch*: 'Socialists Squeeze In' – found it possible to minimise the significance of the result to the same extent as the *Glasgow Herald*. They were ready to do much for loyalty but not all that much. Neither the *Telegraph* nor the *Mail*, indeed, made any attempt to hide the fact that this was far from being merely 'A Conservative loss not a Labour gain'. 'The result', said the *Mail* with praiseworthy candour, 'is an unpleasant shock for the government'. And the *Telegraph*, after remarking austerely that 'it may sometimes be expedient that a candidate should perish for the ultimate good of the people' and that Conservatives should stand firm, wrote: 'It should be added, in fairness, that this is the first by-election from which Mr Gaitskell can draw any sort of satisfaction. True the Socialist poll dropped, but certainly not by more than the exodus of Socialist voters to new housing estates since the general election.' Oddly the *News Chronicle* could not bring itself to see any evidence of a positive swing to Labour. In the absence of a Liberal candidate this was an election without a hero – showing again 'the unpopularity of the government' and the 'lack of enthusiasm for the Labour Party', while offering no opportunity for the 'positive support' that a Liberal attracts.

Making the point that the Tories would draw such comfort as they could from calculations regarding the intervention of the Liberal Home Ruler and the number of votes previously attracted by Walter Elliot as an individual, the *Manchester Guardian* added firmly 'The fact remains that a big beating is a big beating and a Labour gain is a Labour gain'. It pointed out – as the *Mail* and *Telegraph* had very honestly done also – that, in looking at the actual figure of the Labour vote, account must be taken of the removals since 1955. These it put at some 5,000 'largely one can assume, Labour losses'.

Strange as it may seem, however, no reference to this highly relevant fact was made by *The Times* either in its news report or its leading article. Indeed its political correspondent actually commented that the figures showed that Labour was 'not only failing to gain new support but is failing to hold the vote it was enjoying at the bottom of its fortunes in 1955'. Nor did *The Times* leader writer bother to mention the 5,000 loss of Labour voters from the constituency in expressing the opinion that although Conservatives had some cause for concern in 'the abnormal extent of the normal swing from the party in office, Labour may well be discouraged by the small benefits that so large a swing is bringing them'. It seems an odd omission.

It is in some ways even odder to find this fact completely ignored by the political correspondent of the *Observer*. Once widely esteemed for his razor-sharp surgery on the pretences of all political parties alike, this correspondent has lately become as mild as any sucking dove when the dashing Edwardian figure of Mr Macmillan is to be observed anywhere around. In the course of a couple of columns whose conclusion was that Mr Macmillan 'technically the ablest leader we have had for years . . . imaginative, civilised and also humane' is 'still in the race', although he might possibly be unseated by a bad reverse at Torrington, the *Observer* correspondent flatly remarked that 'the Labour candidate could not even hold the 1955 vote'. There was no qualifying reference whatever to the electoral facts. This does not quite seem up to the standard we were once led to expect.

The *Sunday Times's* 'Student of Politics', by contrast was much more searching in his assessment. His conclusion was that, while the government could take comfort from the fact that snap judgments about Rochdale representing a pacifist emotional vote against the H-bomb had not been borne out, 'the stiff upper lip of Toryism has never had to be worn with such fortitude'. His judgment was that 'Labour's vote, in such a small division is much better than in most recent by-elections'.

Francis Williams

Mist on the Summit

Will there be a Summit meeting? If so, when will it be held? And are any agreements likely to emerge from it? In the last four months, some 20 diplomatic missives, running into nearly 100,000 words, have been exchanged between the powers; yet nobody really knows the answers to any of these questions. Since the December meeting of the Nato prime ministers, when a reluctant and tentative decision was taken to comply with the Soviet request for top-level talks, neither side has made any substantial move to meet the other's point of view. There have been a few minor concessions, of a procedural nature. But there is still virtual deadlock on the functions and timing of a preliminary meeting, and on the agenda and composition of the Summit one. Moreover, the exchanges so far have revealed no indication that either side is prepared to compromise on any of the principal problems which a Summit meeting would be called to resolve.

On balance, however, it seems likely that a Summit meeting will be held. It has been suggested, with some reason, that the Russians are more anxious to talk about the Summit than to attend it; that by doing so, they place the onus of refusal on western governments, and so win ground among western public opinion. Yet against this, it can be argued that western opinion is by no means so clear on the issue now as it was four months ago, and that there is greater public awareness of the obstacles which Russia – as well as the West – has raised against successful talks. Further, Russia stands to make considerable political gains from the general relaxation of tension which would follow such a meeting, even if no concrete agreements were reached – gains which would far outweigh the propaganda advantages of a confusing diplomatic exchange which led nowhere.

Moreover, the West's attitude has changed since December. Although both the State Department and the Foreign Office stand by their original analysis – summed up in Mr Selwyn Lloyd's last speech in the House of Commons – that unless there is a real chance of definite agreement

on at least one major issue, a Summit meeting would be to the West's disadvantage, overriding political considerations are driving Britain and the US towards compromise. Both Eisenhower and Macmillan are now facing disastrous electoral defeat, which could be mitigated by even an illusory *détente*. Finally, America has gained her point that the intermediate-range ballistic missile bases should be established, or at least contracted for, before further talks with Russia.

We can therefore pass to the second question. If a Summit meeting is to serve Eisenhower's political purposes, it must be held before November. But equally, it cannot be held before the Nato foreign ministers' meeting, scheduled for May, or Macmillan's Washington visit in June. The procedure for the Summit preliminaries, finally agreed between the western Big Three at last week's Manila meeting, envisages preparation at ambassadorial level, followed by a foreign ministers' conference. It is doubtful, therefore, if the foreign ministers can meet before July or August, leaving September or early October for the Summit meeting itself. Russia can be expected to agree to this timetable; she may also be prepared to withdraw her unworkable formula for the meeting's composition, once she is really convinced that it will be held.

What will be the outcome of the talks? The latest Soviet note, like Mr Krushchev's second letter to this journal, have made it clear that no significant agreement is likely in the sphere of disarmament. Neither side will countenance any formula which would change the military balance to its disadvantage. On military grounds, therefore, Russia has decisively rejected Eisenhower's latest proposal for the banning of long-range rockets; and in any case, it is doubtful if this proposal was sincere, since the American's are unlikely to abandon their long-range missile testing programme until they have overhauled the Soviet lead. Equally, the Russians will not accept a ban on all missiles. Their lead in missiles has led to a corresponding curtailment of their manned bomber programme. The Americans, however, are still supplying B52s and the new B58 to the Strategic Air Command, so that SAC's quantitative lead (3,000 to 2,500) is likely to increase. Hence an overall missile ban would be to Russia's disadvantage. The Russians therefore have strong reasons to equate missiles with bomber bases, as their latest note makes plain. But an agreement on these lines would, of course, place America at an even greater disadvantage. Hence absolute deadlock.

Indeed, no agreement is likely in any sphere which impinges on the centres of strategic military power. It is for this reason, therefore, that disengagement offers the best long-term prospects of compromise, for it is possible to devise a formula in which the forces of the two super-powers are only marginally involved. Nevertheless, no early progress should be expected, and it is doubtful if a Summit meeting could hold anything more than a preliminary discussion of the problem. America will not consider de-nuclearising West Germany until she has a stock of inter-continental ballistic missiles, and until the newer, 2,500-mile range IRBM is in position in the peripheric European countries. Nor will she accept any disengagement formula which does not include a thinning down of conventional forces. In due course, Russia will doubtless accept this, for we can expect the withdrawal of Soviet troops to proceed *pari passu* with the economic recovery of the Satellites. But none of these factors, of course, will operate at the Summit conference, or indeed for the next three years. Disengagement is the royal road to peace, but it is a long road.

There remains, however, a minor sphere in which a conference could produce results: atomic tests. Hitherto, agreement has proved impossible because the West has insisted that a ban on tests should be linked to a controlled cut-off of nuclear production. Such a condition, of course, would in a very direct manner impinge on the centres of strategic power, and has therefore been rejected by Russia; indeed, it is very doubtful if America was sincere in putting it forward. Now, however, there are signs that the West is changing its ground, and is prepared to accept a simple test ban. America's own testing programme has reached virtual saturation point. Russia is speeding up hers in anticipation of such a ban, and has exploded six nuclear devices in the past four weeks. Britain's more limited programme will be complete when her third thermo-nuclear weapon – the so-called 'clean bomb' – is tested early this summer.

For Britain and the US, therefore, there are no overriding disadvantages in halting tests sometime in the autumn. There is also, and increasingly, one salient advantage. The French are due to test their first A-bomb this autumn in the Sahara; but a ban on tests would effectively close down their programme. With good reason, the Americans are anxious to prevent the French from obtaining nuclear weapons over which they have unrestricted control. Their fears that the Republic may be overthrown by a military *coup* have lead to even graver fears that the French army might subsequently employ nuclear weapons against Tunisia, or even supply them to the Israelis. In any event, the French could be expected to use their new status as an instrument of diplomacy. The French, however, may be induced to agree to an arrangement, after modification of the McMahon Act, under which they will be allowed to fabricate American nuclear weapons under licence, while granting America an ultimate veto on their use. This might be the price of French acceptance of a test ban.

The above analysis of the Summit prospects may seem unduly pessimistic. Nevertheless, a ban on tests, though only for a limited period, would bridge the time-gap between the present period of absolute deadlock and the early 1960s, when the factors which will make disengagement possible will begin to operate. It would – and this is of great psychological importance – constitute a slender foot-bridge over the yawning chasm which divides the blocs. And it would, incidentally, be the first arms agreement since 1933.

Retreat from Bigness

It is an assumption running through all Marxist writings – and through most of the books of other economists as well – that advancing techniques of production mean larger and larger-scale production, and therewith an increasing aggregation of the industrial proletariat into bigger and bigger agglomerations of human beings This was indeed a marked characteristic of industrialism when Marx formulated his theory; and, as he also assumed that Socialism would take over and develop further the highest technical accomplishments of capitalism, it seemed to him to follow that the growth in the scale of production was helping to make the world ready for Socialism, and that Socialism would involve an increasing concentration of the labour force in large establishments. It was also assumed that agriculture, in order to become highly productive and to apply really modern techniques, would have to be removed from the hands of peasant households cultivating on a family basis and somehow collectivised, either in state farms employing rural labourers in large numbers or in peasant collectives supported by state-provided tractor stations as well as by state or co-operative credit. Moreover, in industry, small-scale artisan production, co-operative as well as individual, was looked down on as obsolescent.

These views were largely correct as simple descriptions of the trend of capitalist production in the 19th and early 20th centuries, at any rate in the industrial field. In each advanced country each successive study or census showed an increasing proportion of workers concentrated in the bigger establishments, and also a tendency for these to get bigger still in terms of the numbers employed in them. Can we, however, take it for granted that these tendencies are still operative in the second half of the 20th century? I do not think so. I agree that the scale of production – and, even more, that of unified financial control – continues to increase, and that till quite recently the aggregation of workers into larger and larger establishments has, on the whole, been increasing with it – and that despite the arrival of some large establishments – for example, flour-mills – in which mechanisation has been carried so far that only small bodies of workers are employed. But, in general, the growth in the size of the big labour units has been due to the multiplication of repetitive, routine jobs, at most semi-skilled; and, if a large proportion of these jobs are taken over by automatic machines, the most potent factor making for the aggregation of workers in large establishments will cease to operate.

The establishments might none the less be large and employ larger and larger masses of capital; but, instead of hosts of machine-minders, they might employ fewer workers, each carrying a larger measure of responsibility and being called on for more exacting skill. This, of course, is the characteristic of automation; and, rash as it would be to prophesy how rapid the spread of automation is likely to be, no one, I think, doubts that it will spread widely. As this spread occurs, the mass-employment establishment, with its thousands of routine workers, is likely to be superseded by the automatic establishment employing a relatively small labour force. The establishments employing most workers will thus no longer be those with the highest total output, but those in which the scale of output is not large enough to cover the high capital costs of automation.

It is true that in the country which has been expanding heavy industrial output fastest – the Soviet Union – the biggest concerns are still those which employ most workers. But this may be, at any rate in part, because in the Soviet Union capital is still a scarcer factor than labour. Expen-

NEXT WEEK

The Frontiers of Tibet

by KINGSLEY MARTIN

Ike's Recession

by ROBERT BENDINER

sive labour-saving devices have, indeed, found more favour in the US, where capital is more plentiful than workers, and high wages provide a strong incentive for economy in the use of labour. But, even if the Soviet Union is at present still deterred from automation by its high capital cost, the immense spread of technical and technological education strongly suggests an impending shift of emphasis to the techniques which are characteristic of the most advanced sectors in the capitalist world.

If and as this shift comes about, whether under Socialism or under capitalism, it is likely to be accompanied by a change in the structure and mental attitude of the working-class movement. Working-class organisations at present tend to reflect the growth of mass-organisations, with the workers aggregated into large groups, subject to a common discipline and reacting to this discipline in numerous ways. The temper and atmosphere in a factory or other workplace employing thousands of men and women are usually very different from those of a small establishment employing a few dozens or even a few hundreds. The temper is not necessarily more militant, though I think it tends to be so; but it reflects a more habitual acceptance of common leadership, and favours the growth either of inclusive industrial unions or of the enormous general unions which have developed so rapidly in this country. In doing so, it strengthens the position of full-time trade union officers, and makes for lessened activity on the part of the rank-and-file members.

If this structure were now to change, and a high proportion of the routine workers were replaced by automatic devices, clearly the atmosphere of the establishments affected would change too. The workers who remained in them would be to an increasing extent technicians, each possessing a special competence and playing a much more distinctive part in the running of the establishment. Of course, if the change came suddenly, there would be a vast displacement of workers who would be unable to find alternative jobs, and the effects on trade union bargaining power would be disastrous. But we can be reasonably sure that automation will not come in like that – if only because of its very high capital costs; and if it comes more gradually there will be time for the trade unions to adapt themselves and for the displaced workers to be trained for alternative jobs and reabsorbed.

The pace, however, at which automation can spread economically depends very greatly on an expansion in the demand for consumers' goods and on the standardisation of this demand: so that any attempt to cut wages because of labour redundancy would tend to slow down the process of automation by depressing consumers' demand. My present concern, however, is not with the government's mistaken economic policy, but with the working-class movement. Theorists, whether of the Communist or of the Social Democratic varieties, have alike accepted the assumption that the most advanced techniques – and accordingly those most appropriate to Socialism – involve not only a continued increase in the scale of production, but also workplaces employing ever larger aggregations of routine workers. The most notable writers who have stood out against the acceptance of this trend have been not Socialists, but Anarchists such as Kropotkin and original thinkers such as Gandhi. These, I know, are unpopular authorities to quote to present-day Socialists; but may they not prove to have been prophetic? Were they not, in any event, right in seeing the mass-industrial establishment not as a blessing and a real advance of the human spirit, but rather as a means of evolving man to a mass-discipline which could make for unhappiness in work?

At any rate, I suggest that Socialists have been a good deal too ready to take it for granted that the aggregation of workers into larger and larger groups is a necessary condition of high productivity and a necessary concomitant of technological progress. I should feel a good deal happier if more emphasis were put on the quality of work rather than on its scale or the size of the labour force brought together by it. For to stake the future on larger and larger aggregations of routine operatives does not hold out, to me at least, the prospect of a Socialism under which men would be happy or making the best use of their creative qualities.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

The South African Nationalists' ludicrous Treason Trials having failed in their main purpose, to frighten the liberal opposition into silence, Verwoerd now threatens to ban the African Congress, which is the opposition's militant heart. The trials strengthened resistance to the government. The ban will have the same effect: a week of protest, using processions, deputations and meetings has already been called by Congress, to begin on 14 April. Election day, for the white minority, is 16 April. The voteless will make their opinions clear in the only way open to them. Against Nationalist threats, the Congress leaders have asked their members to hold fast to the principles of non-violence; and election week is likely to prove a moral victory for the Africans. People whose movements are always restricted by the pass and other laws, by the curfew, by the police pick-up vans, are not likely to be intimidated by a measure which they must see as nothing more than another tightening of the screw of the Law. The movement may have to change name, shape, locality, or go underground, but it cannot lose momentum. The Nats must know this, unless the strain of continually having to defend an indefensible position has lost them their sanity. There are plenty of white South Africans who know how dangerous a tiger it is they ride, and would like to avoid goading it any further; but the worst aspect of this new move towards complete tyranny is that it may be evidence that the Nats have lost even the common sense of the logic of self-preservation. Of course they care for nothing but 'white supremacy'. But, caring for their own position, how can they, being sane, continue to screw down the valves to a point where it is inevitable that the Africans must one day explode?

* * *

The efforts of Watch Committees and Custodians of Public Virtue so often have the opposite effect to that intended that one would imagine they would have learned better by now. The result of well-showered leaflets during a performance of *Lysistrata* must make other managements envious. Indeed, the representative of one was overheard wistfully day-dreaming about a possible poster parade outside a theatre running a not-so-successful play: 'Do not see this play. It is Dirty.' Unfortunately, while the public's reactions are always predictable, those of the Lord Chamberlain's office are not. Its attitude on *The End Game* achieved a peak of illogicality. Published freely in French and in English, and licensed to be performed on the stage in French, permission was refused to stage the English translation (made by Becket) because of certain God-accusing passages, not much more blasphemous, one would have thought, than Job's accusations of the Almighty, which are after all freely available in English. Never having had traffic with this office myself, I am free to indulge in fantasy, imagining a tall, blond, plank-like English schoolboy, who, asked why *Fin de Partie* should be licensed when *The End Game* is not, replies: 'But French is a naughty language anyway.' Or perhaps he might reply from memories of several years' French lessons and subsequent snubs from the waiter during a disappointing visit to the Deux Magots: 'After all, no one really understands French, so it's all right.' Had the Royal Court Theatre decided to turn itself into a club theatre, we might all have seen *The End Game*, as we saw that cheerfully crude and engaging piece of rationalist tub-thumping *The Making of Moo*. The censorship business engaged the House of Lords last week, from whose very solemn deliberations emerged the piece of information that the Home Secretary has the matter under 'active consideration'. Let us hope this will lead to the end of a situation which keeps managements and playwrights completely in the dark about what will be considered offensive.

* * *

An American friend is absorbed in that occupation so fascinating to all us foreigners when we first arrive in this island – an empirical study of the class system. Engaged in painting the *Universities and Left Review* coffee house (due to open shortly, please watch advertisement space in this paper), he often travels in paint-stained clothes, when he is treated with camaraderie by workmen, and as if he does not exist by the well dressed. Back in respectable clothes, he is a sir, another person. I once wrote in a book review that the caste system in this country was as complicated as that of India. I had 37 indignant letters saying that class distinctions had been killed in the Second World War. They were all from middle-class people. A man told me this story of the last war, when he was simultaneously one of the managers of a large factory outside London and Communist Party organiser for the area. Three times a week he changed into workmen's clothes and stood at the factory gates speechifying. The other managers, beside whom he worked all day, would drive out past him at a couple of yards' distance, but none of them ever recognised him: they simply didn't see him because he was wearing different clothes. And it was the same with the workmen who saw him every day in his capacity as boss. One of them did once remark that 'he could swear he knew his face from somewhere'. My friend, torn apart by this Jekyll and Hyde existence, tried to explain, but the man would not believe him.

* * *

The girl at the laundry is getting married next week. She says she 'found him at the marriage bureau – he fits her much better than those boys she used to pick up at the Palais'. She tried out seven applicants before she found one to suit. But marriage bureaux work in more devious ways than perhaps they know. I once lived in the next room to a girl, waitress at Lyons, who was in love with the manager of the restaurant across the street. He had been playing her up, so she decided to make him jealous. She visited the bureau demanding 'a handsome dark man, aged 25, five-foot-ten'. The lady at the bureau was distressed at Betty's frivolous attitude, even came to visit her at home so as to explain that happy wedlock

did not depend on good looks. Betty was tolerant about this, conceding that she meant well. Meanwhile, handsome dark young men came to tea with Betty on those afternoons when Steven the manager was due to pass by. Everyone's plans miscarried. Steven was jealous, but too much so: Betty turned him down because she couldn't be happy with a man as unreasonable as all *that*. Two of the bureau's candidates took to her, but she couldn't fully take to men who had to go through an office to find themselves girls. She married a boy she had known since childhood – tall, dark and extremely handsome, but because, she said, 'she was used to him'.

* * *

My son has flu, rather too intensely. He, like myself, is accomplished in the pleasures of hypochondria and has decided his temperature is too high for real enjoyment. 'About 100° is what I like', he says, and I agree with him. At 100° one is entitled to be in bed and looked after, but not afflicted with a guilty conscience for doing nothing. While we wait for his temperature to fall to a pleasurable level, his remarks hover on the borders of sense.

'Do I agree?', he asks, 'with the man who says that the tube is like a peashooter?'

'*What* tube?' – my mind being full of bronchials and others. 'The underground – all those people like peas blown in at one end and flying out the other'.

'People', I say, severely maintaining the humanist position, 'are not like peas, not ever. They are people.'

'If an enormous hand came down and blocked up the exits at the stations with enormous fingers, it would be a tube and like a peashooter and *I* think crowds of people are like peas.'

Meanwhile the Warwick Road, grey and damp with winter, roaring with great lorries, thick with students from places where the sun is at this moment unbelievably shining, remains sulking outside. Does it? I look to see. There it is, and a red fire-engine gongs its way past.

'Is it true that lions would live in England if it was hot?'

'Who said so?'

'The man at the bus-stop.'

'What makes you think of lions now?'

'The fire-engine, it makes me think of lions, when I cough I sound like a lazy lion. I like the thoughts I have when I'm sick. What's going to happen to the thoughts I'm having in this room when we leave? Will they stay here and get into the minds of the people who come?'

'Certainly not', I say, delivering a short but unprincipled anti-idealist lecture.

'Well then, they'll go rippling out over London into the sky and out and out . . . *what happens when they collide with the waves that come from the hydrogen bombs?*'

* * *

Like every right-minded woman I disapprove of Dr Johnson, and even the one remark he made I do like is hard to hold fast to in March. Yet the streets of London *can* always be relied upon for entertainment. It was snowing, so I tied a scarf over my head to go shopping. In the Supermarket I was stopped by a couple of girls who announced themselves as members of an association to brighten Britain, particularly its standard of dress. If I didn't mind them saying so, I was fine as far as the shoulders, but would I please give them my word I would never again, in the national interest, wear a head-scarf? Last year a visiting Russian writer borrowed an umbrella for a visit to Hyde Park, and was approached by a couple of men from The League for the Correct Furling of Umbrellas – or some such title. The Russian delightedly added this anecdote to his collection, the gem of which was the one about the Lord who had a bowl of mayonnaise embodied over his head at a party and, when asked why he didn't complain, said he did not wish to make a scene. The Russian said that he deduced from this incident that Engels's estimate of the British character was still valid. I can't remember what Engels said, but I see that Herzen complained that the English, unlike Continentals, had no sense of discipline – particularly they had no idea at all of how to queue in public places in an orderly manner.

DORIS LESSING

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At the time when the Oxford Union voted in no circumstances to fight for King or country I was stationed with two other Oxford men in an up-country district in Bengal. All three of us voted that if we ever had sons we would send them to Cambridge.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (G. P. Davies.)

The first Californian prunes part of £2,000,000 worth of fruit to be exchanged for US rocket bases in Britain, have just arrived in this country.—*Daily Express*. (Devora Kingdom.)

What would happen to pets which would be covered in radioactive dust after an H-bomb attack? 'I am sure the British dog would get his bath to wash the dangerous dust off, just like everyone else', said Miss E. M. Chettle, Regional Administrator for the North Midland Region of the WVS, at Corby recently.—*Northamptonshire Evening Telegraph*. (H. W. Parris.)

Dear, Dear Brigadier

The *Manchester Guardian* has apologised to the Member for Worthing for reporting him as saying that the fun had gone out of war. He only said that the fun had gone out of the Army.

Dear Brig. Prior-Palmer,
We hope you feel calmer –
Hon. Member for Worthing,
We know you said northing
So utterly barmy,
But referred to the Army.

In your Brigadier boyhood
And tin-soldier toyhood
Armies were playthings
In red coats and gay things
And soldiers were gluttons
For bull and brass buttons.
(That's buttons for dressing,
Not push-button pressing –
They placed no reliance
On gimcracks and science,
And phrases like FALL OUT
Were just things to call out.)
In short, they were gayer
Than the troops of today are.

These drawbacks admitted,
The man is half-witted
Who credits the rumour
That shortage of humour
Is characteristic
Of the nuclear ballistic.
So hushaby, honey,
War's still very funny –
We *do* beg your pardyon,
Ed. *Manchester Guardian*.

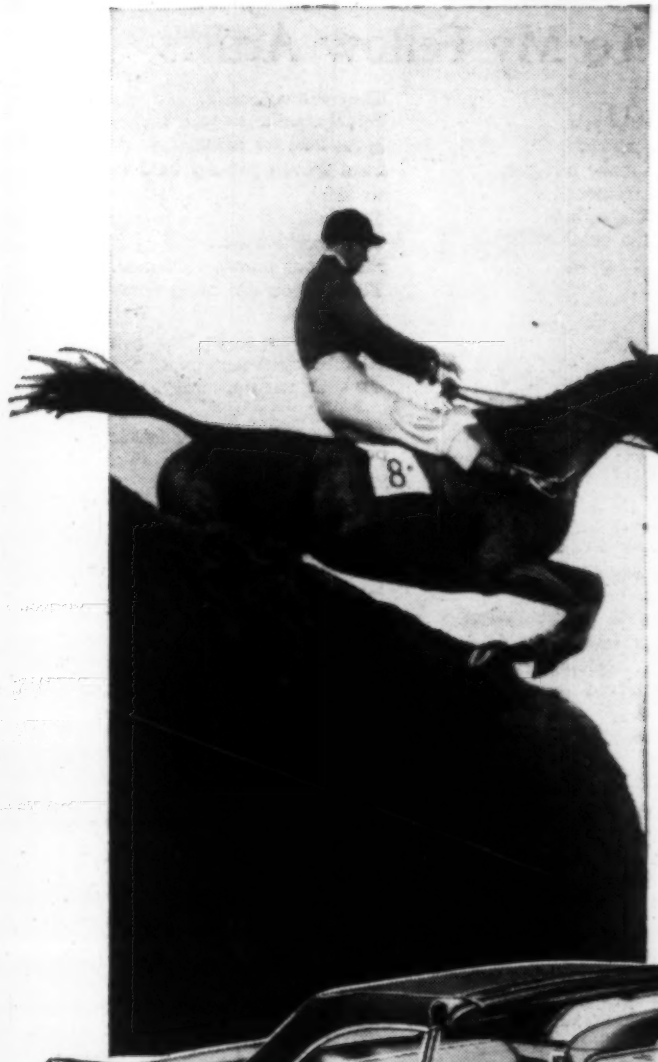
REGINALD REYNOLDS

Maps and Misery

As I leave Kashmir after too short a visit the news reaches me that Bakshi, the premier of Kashmir, has banned processions and demonstrations in the Valley. I am not surprised, Bakshi is a law-and-order man who knows all the tricks of control and is not at all afraid of the allegation that he is running a police state – a moderate one according to the standards of today but nevertheless tough and efficient. Since his release the Sheikh has been allowed to say anything he likes. He still draws big crowds, and at one of his meetings, where batches of police took part, one man was killed, a lot injured and a great many arrested. A number of the Sheikh's leading supporters are in jail awaiting trial and Bakshi is obviously looking forward to the time when there is no one to challenge his police. I had a long and interesting talk with him, in which he made it quite clear that he was confident that the people will gradually accept his regime and that the Sheikh's following will diminish once everyone knows that India's decision is final. Mr Sadiq, though opposing Abdullah and against a plebiscite, takes a less complacent view. He leads a dissident group which broke away from Bakshi and fears the loss of individual liberty and the growth of a violent and lawless police tyranny.

I went to see the Sheikh in his home in Srinagar when he had come back tired after a long day in which he had addressed 11 meetings. He was in a quiet and reasonable mood. India, he thought, could not permanently maintain her rule in the Valley, without consulting the will of the people. When I urged the difficulties of a plebiscite and the danger of a renewal of communal violence not only in Kashmir but in other parts of India, he said he was against all communalism and he was willing to accept any other way of testing opinion in the Valley if a plebiscite was ruled out. What that could be he did not say. The truth about the Sheikh, confirmed by conversation with people who have known him for many years – I first met him in 1948 and my own judgment is the same – is that he is not a 'communalist'; has never been anti-Indian and only attacks India now and quotes the Koran in his speeches because he is a Muslim leader opposing Indian rule. He is not pro-Pakistan and has never, I think, been concerned with other parts of Kashmir except the Valley. His object remains what I believe it has always been: he accepts the partition of Kashmir, with the northern mountain areas above the cease-fire line in Pakistan hands and Jammu as part of India, envisaging himself as undisputed and independent ruler of the Valley. I questioned his opponents about the charges that he was intriguing with America and became convinced that his prolonged private conversations with Americans did not involve acceptance of American intervention. He no doubt hoped that he would obtain American aid in building up the Valley under his own rule. He has always wanted a sheikhdom of his own.

This concept of an independent Valley sounded sense in 1948, but today the chances of such a compromise are remote. Even if Indian opinion could now be induced to accept such a settlement it would depend, as it has always done, on an agreement of India and Pakistan jointly to guarantee the Valley. You can't have a Switzerland unless the bigger powers around it guarantee its neutrality. To-day there are strategic considerations: Russia and China have to be thought of as well as India and Pakistan.



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Even if we rule these out, relations between Pakistan and India have become so much hardened and, indeed, so hostile that the concept of a joint guarantee is not now on the map. Nehru has revealed to the Indian parliament that he did some years ago offer partition to Pakistan, which bluntly turned it down. India therefore has fallen back on its legal claim to rule the whole of Kashmir – even though everyone smiles at the pretence that Bakshi's rule extends to Gilgit or Poonch. Nehru's offer, I understand, included some adjustments of the cease-fire line; the most important of which was the offer to Pakistan of a substantial piece of Poonch now held by the Indian army. It is doubtful whether Indian opinion would sanction any greater concession than this to Pakistan. In any case Pakistan will agree to no concessions at all and continues, oblivious of the facts, to demand a plebiscite for the whole of Kashmir. This is quite meaningless, but gives Pakistan the chance continuously to needle India at the United Nations, since Nehru's original promise of a plebiscite (in very different conditions) has never been formally repudiated.

At this point it becomes obvious that the essential is a general settlement between India and Pakistan, including the canal water dispute and all sorts of questions of visas and frontier problems. This might take place if there were a stable, responsible and authoritative government in Pakistan. But there is nothing of the sort. Everyone I talked to in Pakistan speaks hopefully about elections and no one seems in the least confident that they will really be held next November (the date at present mentioned), or indeed that they will not again be postponed indefinitely. Sometimes one feels that Pakistan's politicians need to maintain their hostility to India in order to maintain themselves. Pakistan has never become an integrated country. Its two parts are more than 1000 miles from each other and the Bengalis of East Pakistan nurse many grievances against the domination of the Punjabis in Karachi.

The President is a tough old ICS man who would like to pull things together in his own dictatorial way, but he is unpopular and does not trouble in public or in private talk to disguise his complete contempt for the politicians. Like everyone else he sees the absurdity of Pakistan spending over 70 per cent. of her budget on armaments and he is not the man to care about religious or communal emotions. He would like no doubt to fix up all disputes with India in quiet conversation with Nehru, but he is in no position to do so. Meanwhile India continues to pour money into Kashmir, raising the abysmal standard of living a little, but uncomfortably aware that religion in the Valley is more compelling than economics.

I am afraid that the danger and the tragedy of this situation is likely to continue. The stupidity and sadness of it all was brought home to me on both sides of the frontier both in the Punjab and Bengal. The people I talked to have no hostility to each other; indeed they desired nothing so much as to be on ordinary friendly human terms with their relatives and neighbours now separated by the most artificial of frontier lines. In Lahore, especially, I could detect no bitterness remaining from the ghastly communal massacre of 1947, and people described to me how, when in 1955 an enterprising Pakistan High Commissioner in India arranged an inter-state cricket match, thousands of Indians poured over the frontier, not to see the match but to fall on the necks of old friends and neighbours from whom they had been disastrously cut off.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Kashmir, 7 March

To My Fellow Artists

1

Today, it came to me. How you
My friends who write, who draw
And carve, friends who make pictures,
Plays, finger delicate instruments,
Compose, or fake, or criticise, how
In the oncoming megaton bombardments,
All you stand for will be gone,
Like an arrow into hell.

2

It is strange, yet
If I tell you how sunlight glitters off
Intricate visions etched into breastplates
By Trojan silversmiths – you believe me,
You sanction my desires.

And if I say:
Around my bedposts birds have built their nests
That sing: No. No. – you share my anxiety,
My loss becomes your evidence.

And if I write:
When I flog salt, it rains; when I sell flour,
It blows – you feel my hopelessness,
What's more, you understand my words.

But if I speak straight out and say:

Infatuated with cheap immortality,
Distinguished each from each by pains
You measure against pains, you stand
To lose the world and look alike as if
You spat each other out, you say:

Logue grinds his axe again. He's red –
Or cashing in. And you are right.
I have an axe to grind. Compared to you,
I'm red – and short of cash. So what?
I think, am weak, need help, have lived,
And will, with your permission, live.
Why should I puzzle you with words
When your beds are near sopping with blood?

And yet I puzzle you with words.

3

If – as many of you do – you base
All of your hope, all of that hope
Necessary to make a work of art,
On unborn generations, start
Hunting up a place to hide those works
You will contrive in privation.

Consider, my fellows, how all
The dead lovelies inside our museums,
Stones, books, things we have stolen,
Think how they will crumple up
One dusk between six and six-ten.
Spend your shilling. Sleep alone.

Especially you, Amis and Osborne,
Past masters at flogging your own
Contemptibility. Will you not champion
Your thoughts that were never contemptible?
And you, John Wain, you write letters
Defending your poetry. Will you not write
Against your certain destruction?

4

It is true.
They will say you are fools
Who know nothing of politics.
Women and artists must keep out of politics.
They will suggest –
Politely, politely – your hair
Is too long for sanity.
Even though you are bald with worry.

They will,
With their reason,
Prove your unreasonableness.
Though you are dying from rationality.

They will do all in their power,
And their power is great,
To shut you up, until

Recommending your wife's sexual niceties,
Or lamenting her
Loose in the hilts,

You thrive like milestones for whom,
The Queen's green pounds
Were contagious.

5

Listen, I beg you. Lately,
In a publication called *Sunday Times*
They spilled their fetid gifts of mind.

Saying:
You are confused about things, yes? But,
Recommending the death of the country
In the name of the country, we must bomb
If we must bomb. Bomb like King Billy,
For the English have something to die for.

They do not speak about something to live for.

Saying:
In the names of loyalty, faith, integrity,
How vile are those who want a life here,
Minus the current notions of democracy.

Not speaking of those who wish to die here.

The death before dishonour, boys.
The death before gestapo, boys.
The death before a tyrant, boys.
The death before the *Sunday Times*.

But where is the dishonour, gestapo,
Or tyrant? Who would want to dishonour
Or govern a cinder? My friends,
How difficult it is to speak
Out of anger to answer those who speak
Out of prejudice and complacency! Yet:

Those who imagine a horror
And commit a horror because of it,
Are called mad.

Those who talk desolation,
And create desolation because of it,
Are called mad.

Thus the Ripper and Christie
Thought of whores.
Thus they think of our country.

6

So do you agree with them,
Spender, and Barker, and Auden?
And you, my newly married master, Eliot.
Will you adopt their lie by silence?
And having sold our flesh to war
Bequeath our bones to God . . . or,
Are there two sides to *this* question?

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But I fear we are easily beaten.
So where shall we put them, our treasures?
Uncertain the disused chalk-pit.
Uncertain the bank's steel vaults.
And the holds of ships are uncertain.

We must beg permission
To hang our paintings underground.
Store books and stones in mines –
For the first time miners will see them.
But the rents will be high, underground.
I doubt if we can afford them.

Maybe they will let us
Into the deep bomb-lockers
Where the pilots and aimers sleep tight.
We must not be afraid to ask.
For the works of Angries
Will not scare the dedicated experts.

But we must remember to leave behind
Permanent signs. Signs that are
Easily read. Signs that say: So deep . . .
Under this many foot of stone . . .
Is the Film Institute, The Royal Court,
Better Books, the ICA.

Then can our six-handed grandsons –
Your unborn consolation –
Discover that we, too, had art.
And those who dare look
Over the jagged crater's rim
Will go down to the mauve bowl of London

And dig with their hands.
While their guards
Watch out for tyrants and food and sun.
Think, men of no future
But with a name to come.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

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The Fat of the Land

IT is an article of faith with us Americans that all the really soft living in colonial America was done by visiting Englishmen. If there was one brick house in the otherwise log-cabin capital of one of the smaller colonies, the British governor lived in it. If there were two, British troops got quartered in the other one. All the wining, dancing, gaming, wenching and sumptuary dressing indulged in anywhere in 17th-century America were indulged in by visiting favourites of Charles II. We colonials stood round in our simple homespun and watched.

An Indian I know at Cambridge, named Dilip Palit, firmly believes that similar conditions prevail in India to this very day. The English, he says, wallow in luxury from Jodhpur to Madras. I've heard much the same thing about Singapore from a Malay Chinese in whose car I once hitch-hiked a ride to London. It's an open secret, Nigerians tell me, who lives off the fat of the land *there*.

I hope all this is true, because in England itself it is we foreign students who do the soft living. As a matter of fact, Her Majesty's Government pays us to do it—or at least it splits the expenses with us. That delightful body the British Council receives perhaps half a million pounds annually for the purpose. I suppose what's involved in some sort of expiation.

Two or three summers ago, when I had first come over from New York, I decided to go up from Cambridge, where I was and am a research student, to the Edinburgh Festival. I asked my English room-mate if he cared to come with me. He looked at me as if I had suggested buying a yacht.

'Me go to Edinburgh? On my grant?' he said incredulously. 'I might walk to Grantchester for tea with you, provided we have it at the cheap place. 'Besides,' he added, 'the Festival starts in ten days. You'll never get tickets now.' He had forgotten I was a foreigner.

The next morning I strolled down to the Cambridge office of the British Council. 'Have you any sort of provision for sending people to the Edinburgh Festival?' I asked.

'You *are* a foreign student, sir? Certainly. We can sign you up for a seven-day Festival Course. Which week would you like to go?'

'What is it going to cost?' I asked guardedly.

The girl looked slightly apologetic. 'I'm afraid the Festival Course is a bit more expensive than some of the others. It's nine pounds for the week. But, of course, in addition to full board, private room and local transportation, that includes tickets to the Glyndebourne Opera, the Old Vic, the Danish Ballet, several concerts, and the Edinburgh Tattoo; an all-day coach trip to the Trossachs, tea and biscuits at bedtime, complimentary membership in the International Club, and the services of two full-time counsellors.'

'Damn the expense,' I said. 'I'll go.'

When I got to Edinburgh and checked in at the university residence hall where we were to be housed, I found that the British Council girl in Cambridge had understated. In addition to what she had listed, my nine pounds also entitled me to a lecture on Scottish history, a ticket to an exhibition of Gauguin, guided tours of the Castle and of Holyrood Palace, and a large glossy souvenir programme marked 'Price: 5s.'

The week was a huge success. We had bagpipes up to our ears. Glyndebourne put on a flawless performance of *The Barber of Seville*. The Nigerians, the nurses from Hong Kong, the Ghanians (Gold Coasters, they were then), the British Guianans, the four Germans, the homesick New Zealander, the other American and I all had a splendid time. I learned quite a lot about how well the English do themselves in Ghana and Guiana, and I sympathised with the plight of Germans out of whose pockets money is plucked (or was then) to provide luxury housing for English troops in Hamburg. I also received from one of the full-time counsellors a list of future British Council courses.

This past Christmas I again found myself a little low on funds (Cambridge is expensive even for foreigners), and I toyed with going on a seven-day, seven-pound course the Council was offering in Torquay. But I'm glad now I didn't. A friend of mine, a girl from northern Italy, went, and she was badly disappointed. The nightly dances were all right, she said; and she enjoyed the pantomime performances and the trips to Exeter and Dartmouth. But they only gave her one glass of wine with Christmas dinner.

NOEL PERRIN

The Arts and Entertainment

Late Ibsen

AT the Lyric, Hammersmith, which is undergoing a re-decoration, a young impresario, Mr Michael Codron is presenting an adventurous programme which deserves support. He is running three plays for a month each; the current one is a rarely done Ibsen, *Little Eyolf*. This will be followed on 9 April by a Double Bill of two plays by John Mortimer, one of which, *Dock Brief*, was praised in the highest terms when it was performed by the BBC. The third production on 6 May is a new play by Harold Pinter which will be directed by the young Arts Theatre producer, Peter Wood. And to judge by the first production, a lot of care and imagination has gone into the preparation.

Now that we have been given the chance of seeing it in a production that at the least does it rough justice, it is hard to see why *Little Eyolf* has so long been left out from the Ibsen repertory. And one can only suppose that the opprobrium which it gathered round itself for its sexual frankness has simply clung on and people have hardly bothered to consider since whether it would work. Anyhow it turns up now fresh and pungent, a rare and exciting treat for those who, like me, can never have enough Ibsen – or anyhow have not been allowed to have enough yet. *Little Eyolf* is a profound, compassionate, human study – a daring dissection of a relationship, and of great technical brilliance.

It is one of the last plays, but it is nearer in feeling to *Hedda* than to *The Master Builder* (which preceded it). Its subject is a marriage and it takes that marriage apart about as frankly and about twice as truthfully as, say, Tennessee Williams takes apart the marriage of Brick and Maggie the Cat, and it is (written though it was in 1894) just as modern if not more so.

The first act presents us with the marriage as it is, a marriage punctuated with question marks. Allmers is an idealist of the period, an Ibsenite if you like, a man of feeling and sensitivity and intelligence who is devoting his life to a great book on Human Responsibility. His wife, Rita,

appears to us first as a hard, highly possessive woman with an over-developed sexual appetite. They have one child, a little cripple boy of eight or nine, and the only other regular member of the household is Allmers' half-sister, Asta, who is a teacher in a nearby town.

Allmers has been away for six or seven weeks, ostensibly to get on with his book in solitude, but, in fact, he has used the time to come to some sort of terms with himself over this life-work of his, though the terms he comes to are as fake as the impulse which started him off. Its progress has not been satisfactory and he announces that he is giving up the project entirely. Instead, he is going to devote himself to the education of his small son who, between these two ill-assorted parents, has been badly neglected. This already, with its over-emphatic note, raises the first question mark. The dedication of himself to his little son seems as extravagant and as phoney as his dedication to Human Responsibility in the abstract. If his half-sister is dismayed at his decision, his wife is delighted. That book has often seemed to her in the past merely something which he employed as a device to keep himself away from her and her demands. Not that a devotion to Little Eyolf appears to be much of a change for the better. In a dazzlingly written little scene, she displays the situation between them. He had returned the night before. She had been waiting for him for six weeks: she made her preparations, decked herself out, opened the champagne, turned the lights low. And he had gone to bed alone. Admirably played, too, this scene by Mr Robert Eddison and Miss Heather Chasen. Miss Chasen regains here the sympathy she has deliberately forfeited earlier. Perhaps her sexual greediness is at least in part accounted for by his frigidity.

Then there comes in the Rat Wife, an old crone made highly credible by Selma Vaz Dias, a rat-catcher who likes to spin a tale of her prowess as tall as the Pied Piper's, and one sees that she succeeds in capturing the imagination of little Eyolf. And at the end of the act the boy who has followed her down to the jetty falls into the sea and, unable to swim with his crippled leg, is drowned under the eyes of the town boys whom this family have always despised.

The death of the child, just at this very moment, opens up the seams of this leaky marriage and lets the salt truth come pouring in. The second act is a superb duologue in which husband and wife tear off the pretences under which they have protected themselves all these years, until finally there seems nothing left of their relationship at all. Allmers comes off worst. His book was pretentious rubbish. He had married Rita for her money so that he could support his beloved half-sister. Neither cared a rap about the child. Their only feeling for it was guilt; for they were jointly responsible for its lameness, having one day been in such a hurry to have sex together, that they had put down the child carelessly and it had fallen. And then Allmers receives yet another blow. He has taken refuge from Rita's demands in his love for his half-sister Asta – a love that he can think of as by comparison 'pure' and good. And now he learns that her mother deceived his father, that she is not his half-sister at all, and that his feelings, so long sanctified in his private thinking, lose their innocence.

Some people find the reconciliation of the last act uninteresting and unconvincing. It does not seem so to me. It is true, of course, that all reconciliations in drama are, to some extent, fudged, for a process that in reality will take many months must be foreshortened into as many minutes. But there is no fudging of the bleak emotional basis on which this pair agree to go on living together, and the decision to devote themselves to responsibilities close at hand and more particular that the writing of books about the subject springs naturally out of what has happened.

Mr David Williams's production is open to some criticism on the score of encouraging the actors to adopt a rather hieratic tone of voice. But the fault, if it is one, springs from the soundest of intentions, namely, to bring the cut and thrust of the dialogue plainly out into the centre of the stage and let it do its deadly work unhampered. And the effect is terrific. There is something a little less satisfactory about the presentation of Allmers. Mr Malcolm Pride has dressed him faithfully in the knickerbocker style of the advanced man of the period. One sees just this beard and rig in the snapshots of Shavian outings at Haslemere. It is literal, but somehow it carries the wrong overtones, as of an hygienically souled prophet of the new faith. Allmers is, in fact, emotionally and morally, a shady sham, and the only thing that can be said for him is that he has deceived himself as successfully as those around him. But one mustn't feel, as one is inclined to about Mr Eddison's Allmers, that he's a good man on whom a series of blows have fallen from the outside. I find Mr Eddison a little too noble or a little too unaware of the false nobility of a man like Allmers. But like Gregers in *The Wild Duck*, to whom Allmers is spiritually related, this is a very difficult part to play to a modern audience; we are at the wrong distance of time from it. Miss Heather Chasen made a good shot at Rita, who is a spiritual relative of Hedda's. A hard, taut, and well-controlled performance. And I very much liked Mr Michael David's quiet power in the small part of Borghejm.

T. C. WORSLEY

Some New Moon

THE last time I saw some of his paintings, Jack Yeats was alive. Now he is dead and 23 of the canvases that he painted during the last five years of his life are on show at the newly opened Waddington Galleries, Cork Street, W1. For those who are at all aware of an artist as a man, his paintings change after his death. Whilst he is alive all his works, even those that are declared finished, are seen to some extent as works in progress; as you look at them you relate them to an imagination that still exists and is still working; his works then chart a progress. After his death they become final and definitive; they no longer chart his progress, they gather together to form his destination. In Dublin I wanted to ask Yeats about some of these paintings, and in fact did so. Today similar questions do not even come to mind. The living artist is either more or less open to intervention, persuasion, influence, questioning, which is why his work can have an urgency for us which is different in kind from anything we can get from works of the past. From them we can only learn. There is thus a logic in the fact that only when an artist is dead can he be fully recognised as a master. While he is alive he can, of course, be recognised as great, as a source of understanding and inspiration, but this is different, for our relationship with him then cannot be purely a pupil-teacher one: we are also related to him by a hundred and one other mutual responsibilities because both he and we are alive. Yeats has now become a master.

Very many of Yeats's last pictures are implicitly, but not explicitly, concerned with death. *Sleep Sound:* two figures lie on a moor, the sky above

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them heavy as the breathing of those who might keep their wake. *The Hour of Sleep:* a man nods in a mountain field of gentians and behind him is a monolithic, immovable, dead block of stone. *The Nights are Closing In:* two figures talk against a sky being torn to tatters. *Tir-na-n-Og:* which means the country where neither age nor death exists and where the Irish peasant believes 'you will get happiness for a penny'.

How is it then, the reader may ask, that I, a Marxist, who can see no other meaning in death than the changed social relationship between the dead and the living that I described in the first paragraph – how is it that I and others who think likewise can find so much truth and splendour in the art of an arch-romantic such as Yeats? Professor George Thomson has already answered this question by quoting the painter's brother:

> Sing on: somewhere at some new moon,
> We'll learn that sleeping is not death,
> Hearing the whole earth change its tune.

What, in other words, we have in common with the genuine romantic is a sense of the future, an awareness of the possibility of a world other than the one we know. (I say *genuine* romantic to distinguish men like Yeats or Delacroix, who lived their romanticism, from those who merely use romantic poses.) Strange as it may sound, no European country had until recently a greater sense of the future than Ireland. This was partly because no bourgeoisie had destroyed its popular art, which was an art of longing, and partly because its colonial status bred rebels. Even the fairies, the ghosts, the banshees, the famous songs, the notorious and magnificent edifices of words that could be built in a few moments out of nothing, were partly expressions of an Irish conviction that there was something beyond the facts of that poverty which quite simply halved their population in the second half of the nineteenth century. Even today the IRA flickers with something of the same spirit. Ireland has not yet reached that critical point where she can only defend her way of life: she is still striving, staggering, suffering and dreaming towards one. And however much the keep-art-pure-sirs may hate it, it is impossible to appreciate Yeats fully without understanding something of this.

It is this which explains how Yeats was a modern painter – he had no nostalgia for the art styles of the past – and yet was apparently quite uninfluenced by Cubism and Abstract art. It is also this which explains why his work, which is expressionist in character, is nevertheless quite free from the sense of personal desperation found in mid-European Expressionism. (In this Yeats resembles the Indonesian painter, Affandi, and it may well be that this kind of romantic but outward-facing expressionism is the natural style of art for previously exploited nations fighting for independence – modern classicism requires an industrial society.) Yeats's romantic view of life brought him closer to his subjects – his horsemen, actors, lovers, talkers, beggars – instead of separating him from them. His paintings, as opposed to the landscapes they include, do not convey loneliness; on the contrary, they appear to be made out of the stuff of legends that have been as much handled and commonly slept in as the blankets on the inn's bed for travellers. Further, it is Yeats's Irish background which explains why his direct influence on younger European painters would be a dangerous one, leading to theatrical mannerism.

What his background cannot directly explain is Yeats's pictorial genius as a painter: his sense of colour, like a Venetian's, but derived from rags and a lean shimmering world, instead of from velvets and mellow feasts: his draughtsmanship, nervous, spontaneous – sometimes achieved, I suspect, by painting with the very nozzle of the tube of pigment, occasionally becoming incoherent, but at its best describing forms breaking against the surface of the mist, the dusk, the sunlight, like fishes breaking the surface of water as they leap across it: his sense of pictorial unity, so that for all the shreds of colour and the shimmer and the speed, his canvases as a whole are permanently calm.

Both Yeats's pictorial genius and his spirit are epitomised by one small canvas in this exhibition. It is called *The First Away* and represents simply a man's head and shoulders against the sky. The way in which the smooth milky surface of the sky and the curdled paint describing the man's features are held together in unity is a miracle of tonal and colour adjustment, as refined as any passage in Braque. As for the content: the man's eyes in his pale shriven face are closed in rapture. Is it he or is it the horse who is first away? And away to where?

To where:

> Delight makes all of the one mind,
> The riders upon the galloping horses
> The crowd that closes in behind.

Now that he is dead, Yeats has become a master: he teaches us to hope.

JOHN BERGER

Atoms for the Juke Box

THIS is a week when the loudest sound in popular music is that of a Mr Perry Como singing 'Magic Moments', a record which (according to the *Record Mirror*) tops the hit parade everywhere except in Bootle, Edmonton and the Holloway Road, where they remain faithful to the unspeakable Priestley.

The quietest and least heard sound, on the other hand, is probably that of Guy Carawan's *Old Man Atom* (Nixa 7N15132), a vigorous attempt to treat nuclear problems for the pop market, which is being stifled by both BBC and ITV. Neither has so far played it even *once*, I understand, and it has actually been cut out of at least one BBC record programme, presumably because singing about nuclear weapons is more controversial than infantile sexuality.

At such a time as this, the saddened critic can be forgiven for turning his eyes on the past; to be precise, on March 1928, when the best jazz records, in the opinion of the *Melody Maker*, were by Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, Frank Trumbauer, Jack Hylton, the now forgotten Don Voorhees and some others and (I think for the first time in the printed judgment of a British jazz critic) Louis Armstrong. Admittedly the reviewer praised the wrong side of Armstrong's record, though for good reasons: it was a version of Duke Ellington's pioneer *Black and Tan Fantasy*. The other side was the *Wild Man Blues*, a marvel of sober classicism, which he dismissed as showing 'a somewhat rude and very exaggerated sentimentality'.

To look back upon the Mississippi when it was still a small, vigorous but already muddy stream, is an instructive experience. In some respects we are better than the 'fans' of 1928. Nobody today would patronise coloured players ('I live with these coloured folk through every bar of it. I appreciate their fight for serious expression, as I do their childish humour') or feel convinced of their musical inferiority ('while possessing the usual failings of all Negro bands, they still have some of the darkies' good features, such as style, lilt, and in many places, though crudely portrayed, soul'). That these opinions were written about the highly sophisticated Duke Ellington, only makes the joke funny as well as bitter. In other respects we have not changed much. Then, as today, musicians were condemned not for being bad, but 'old-fashioned'.

We today should be the last to feel ironical about the fact that Jelly-Roll Morton, who was so dismissed, is today recognised as the most talented composer of New Orleans jazz, while Red Nichols, the beau ideal of the 'hot' men of 1928, has sunk from sight. Whether we are any better at smelling musical trends, is doubtful. In time 1958 may look as silly as the critic of 1928 who condemned *Benny Moten's Kansas City Orchestra*, which is about as important in the evolution of jazz as Gogol's *Overcoat* is in that of Russian literature, as 'one of the two worst attempts I have ever heard'.

It is not worth going back thirty years for critical opinions, except in the way contemplative monks look at the skulls they keep in their cells; and it requires historical enthusiasm to listen to the British jazz produced in those years on the Decca LP *Scrapbook of British Jazz, Vol. II*, a museum exhibit with intermittent gleams of life.

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What the reviewers of 1928 would have made of the EP *One More Time*, which Columbia have released in time to commemorate the third anniversary of the death of the great Charlie Parker, makes for macabre speculation. In 1958 we marvel at the genius of this tormented artist (wonderfully accompanied by Gillespie and Monk) and at his extraordinary originality and difficult beauty – e.g., in the blues *Mohawk*. André Hodier's epitaph may stand: 'Both (Armstrong and Parker) got jazz out of a rut, Armstrong by demonstrating its real riches, Parker by creating new masterpieces that gave it a new reason for surviving'.

Whether the British public actually likes the sort of jazz which Parker pioneered is another question, to which a number of investors would dearly like to know the answer. An art student of my acquaintance assures me: 'Until a year ago we were all traditionalists, now we only play modern jazz'. On the other hand two leading centres of modern jazz have cut down their programmes drastically, in one case substituting a nude show; though the *Star* club keeps the flag flying with its new house band. This, probably the best small modern unit in Britain today (Reece, trumpet; Smythe, piano; Thompson, bass; Seamen drums), is well worth listening to, especially by talent spotters, for Pat Smythe, a temporary visitor from Scotland (the cradle of so many good British jazzplayers), is only waiting for discovery by others than his fellow-musicians. Still, the record companies are putting money on modern jazz, and in consequence flooding the market with the usual batch of discs which sell mainly on the names of performers: *For Musicians Only* on Columbia (Gillespie, Stitt, Getz), *Al* (Cohn) *and Zoot* (Sims) on Coral, *Mad Thad* on Nixa – a gimmick based on putting together six players named Jones – and the like. However, we must be grateful to the modern flood for also giving us the admirable London LP *Brilliant Corners* by Thelonious Monk (with Roach, Rollins *et. al.*) which proves (a) that modern jazz need not go in for Brubeckery and (b) that it can play a blues which recognisably belongs to the same family as the old, low-down noise so happily revived for us by Pinetop Smith, Cow-cow Davenport, Speckled Red and others of the honkeytonk brigade on Vogue-Coral's *Piano Jazz Vol. I.*

FRANCIS NEWTON

Rumours of War

Do you love war films? Someone must. Their salvoes return again and again. During the last few days, as filmgoers, we have heard the sirens, said goodbye to Big Ben, and been, times without number, parachuted, to blow up bridges in Rouen, crack a safe (was it in Belgium or Norway?) containing the dossier of enemy agents in Britain – thus, probably, winning the war; and, as frogmen, we destroyed the nest of Italian two-man submarines off Gibraltar, and made possible the allied landings in North Africa. . . .

At the Cameo-Poly there's a sub-Clouzot shocker, *The She-Wolves* – but even here we can't escape *la guerre*. It flings us two pals escaping by train from a prison-camp; one has a female penfriend, the other wrote the letters; the first gets run over by a train as soon as they cast off, so the second snatches his papers and goes to the penfriend, who takes him in and is taken in. Two sisters offer love on different levels. His fiancée (Micheline Presle) pampers him icily and sweetly, while a more spontaneous love-hate springs from a young sister who has a habit of going off in a mackintosh to séances. Our hero (François Périer) embraces both, lying low, playing a pretty mean game; but there's always the excuse of the Occupation outside; and when a sister of his dead pal turns up, the Nazi patrol will very conveniently shoot her. The plot (by the authors of *The Fiends*) rattles a bit, an inconvenient fortune is introduced and shelved; the indoors suspense isn't dead true; and though a corpse outside a locked cupboard in which the schemer remains immured ends the thing grandly, all that has been achieved is one more *film noire*.

Big-film remains the American passion, and it's unfortunate that *Peyton Place* (Warner's) should be about a small town. We know it's big because the cast are introduced with a howl of violins as though into famous roles, and the film's scheduled for two and a half hours. Frightful symphonic bells announce the glimpse of Peyton Place church, a pleasant enough building in white-painted wood, and the township is pleasant enough, too, till drama gets going. Then we are whisked through the seasons to a fifth season, Love, with Miss Chips at school, the wise doctor with birth and death in his keeping, a wood-shed on the outskirts and a girl addicted to night-dresses; there's a shaded-lights party for the prim widow's daughter, near-incest and rape for the janitor's, a case of nude bathing, Graduation, Labour Day, and Pearl Harbour, but it's a long time coming; at last the recruiting bus takes them off, and the raper comes home from the sea to be murdered, and the names of the fallen go up on the memorial, and there's something which is still missing.

Christmas! The prim widow (never wedded, alas) thaws to the schoolmaster. Then Easter, a murder trial, and the sweet, ruined girl acquitted; the violins can stop shrieking, and after some last views of Peyton Place – really quite pleasant there in the trees – we can go home, having experienced everything till next time.

Moscow and Muscovites (Berkeley) promises much, but is old-fashioned travelogue in which one must peer between and beyond Intourist for such scraps as can be picked up: big blocks ousting wooden slums, the ornate Underground, students tracing algebra in the sand, chandeliers over shop crowds, old workmen with an air. We don't get much beyond vistas, exhibitions, steel works, some fine boulevards, with the colour and photography improving at night. Moscow remains Moscow, the most intriguing and still unexplored capital in the world.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Back to the Old Firm

The BBC is justifiably cock-a-hoop about the most surprising, and obviously significant, recent development in television audience behaviour. Ever since ITV began in the autumn of 1955 (coinciding, as we learned from Robin Day's interview with Sir John Nott-Bower last Sunday, with a sudden, sharp, unaccountable upward curve in the graph of crime), we had grown used to steady progress by ITV at the BBC's expense. As each programme-company in turn began broadcasting in the regions, the tale was always the same: of viewers with a choice, most chose the ITV channel most of the time. Critics (including myself) inveighed sombrely against Admass taste: the people, it was felt, needs must love the lowest when they saw it. A few months ago

Few tobaccos are as good as

RICH DARK HONEYDEW

FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

the descent of Avernus (or the Gadarene rush, or the operation of Gresham's Law) seemed to have gathered irresistible momentum: the percentage of viewers with a choice who chose the BBC was down to 28, and ITV had 72 per cent.

In the past month or two there has been a dramatic and substantial reversal of this trend. According to the latest figures, the proportions are now: BBC 38 per cent., ITV 62 per cent. Moreover, on Saturday nights – obviously important nights for advertisers – the BBC programmes now get more than 50 per cent. of viewers-with-a-choice.

Why has this change occurred? The glib answer is that the BBC has been forced to lower its standards to meet the commercial competition; this is what many opponents of commercial television foresaw would happen. To some extent this explanation is confirmed by the Saturday percentages; for (except for the brilliant and thrilling current series, *War in the Air*, which the BBC puts on at 11 p.m., and, of course, except for *Six-five Special*, if you like it, and its opposite number, *The Jack Jackson Show*), the two channels seem to me almost indistinguishably equivalent in awfulness on most Saturday nights. Like so many American TV channels, they compete mainly in monotony.

All the same, this cannot be the whole explanation. Saturday apart, the BBC has not lowered its standards noticeably; in some ways – in news-presentation particularly – its programmes seem to have been improved by the stimulus of competition. Can it be that the viewers, instinctively rather than consciously, are wearying of the tightly scheduled, mechanical repetitiveness of so many ITV programmes and are beginning to feel that they prefer the service which offers a somewhat greater variation in programming but a consistent *policy*?

I have only one cynical or morose reservation here. I hope most earnestly that the BBCward trend cannot be attributed to the fact that the ITV companies have, in devotion to the arts or for prestige reasons, broadcast a number of programmes which are of high quality by any standard; by no means the utterly banal slush that they were expected to specialise in exclusively. If viewers who have increasingly switched back to the BBC are in fact refugees *from* culture, I am afraid that the tycoons will be reaching for their revolvers and that ITV will soon be giving us an undiluted diet of spectaculars and giveaways and *Lucy* and costume series and Westerns.

For the tycoons are getting rattled by this recession. In an interesting speech at a television convention at Bad Boll, Germany, last week, Mr Hugh Carleton Greene, BBC Director of Administration, reported that one of them recently called a conference of producers at Eastbourne, 'to think up some ideas to meet the BBC threat'.

Recently, too, Mr Val Parnell, the boss of ATV, went so far as to complain of unfair competition by the BBC: 'We live on our income and they live on their grant, and their grant is for a minority programme. I wish they would not try to compete in the entertainment business'. Mr Carleton Greene was entitled to observe that, if Mr Parnell had read the BBC Charter, he would know that this was nonsense. He also quoted Mr Parnell's attack on Granada's Rochdale enterprise ('I do not honestly think it is fair to give politics to people who pay for entertainment'), and he was, again, entitled to comment: 'Notice that word "pay"'; for, of course, commercial television is not, as ATV claims, 'free' television. We pay for it when we buy tea or beer or detergents.

On the question of finance, Mr Greene pointed out that the BBC, with its enormous expenditure on research, especially in colour TV, is in a sense subsidising ITV: 'When colour TV becomes a practical proposition in Britain, our commercial competitors will in fact be carried on the shoulders of the BBC'.

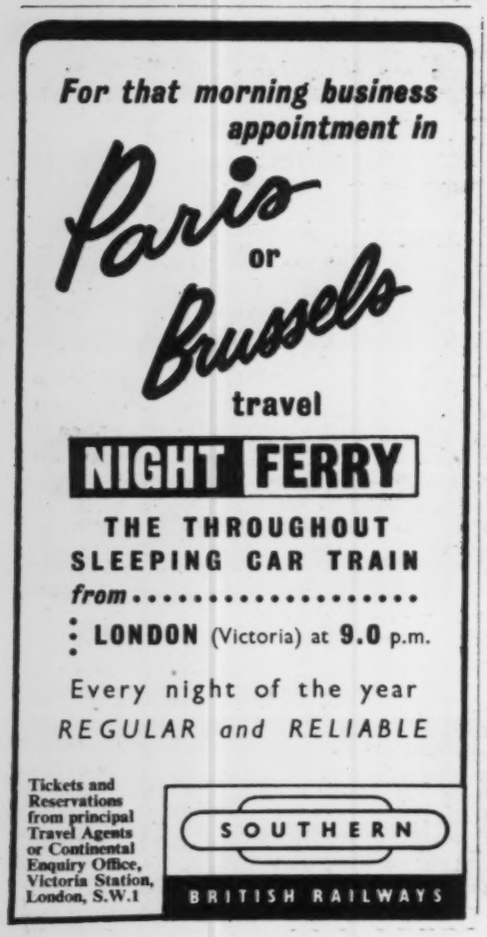
There is, alas, no reciprocity in big business. If ITV, in pursuit of further advertising revenue, succeeds in persuading the Government to extend the present permitted hours of TV (50 a week, plus a bit), every extra hour a day will cost the BBC more than a million pounds a year.

Whatever merits there are in the ITV programmes – and readers of the *NS* will know that I have often found some – it is pleasant to see the old Corporation regaining ground and rejoicing so vigorously in having done so. I hope that Mr Carleton Greene's speech will be printed in full in *The Listener* – and when I say 'in full' I mean including those slightly indiscreet passages (presumably not in fact delivered) which it would be contrary to etiquette for me to quote, a note deleting them from the script having, unfortunately, been circulated.

I can, however, quote one addition – an oddly double-edged boast about the success of *Six-five Special* in 'beating the commercial people at their own game':

'On Saturday evening, after I had already drafted this speech I watched the commercial programme called *Val Parnell's Saturday Spectacular*, in which the singing star, Dickie Valentine, had the following conversation with a girl: "Can you sing?" – "No". "Can you Dance?" – "No". "Can you do anything at all?" – "No". "Then I'll book you right away for the *Six-five Special*". Well, I was very pleased about the accuracy of my diagnosis.'

TOM DRIBERG



Correspondence

JUSTICE IN SOUTH AFRICA

SIR,—Among the many letters I have received arising out of my recent articles on South Africa there is one from Father Hooper, which I feel I must share with your readers. Father Hooper is the Anglican priest and missionary at Zeerust, in the North-West Transvaal, near the borders of Bechuanaland. I have already described in a NEW STATESMAN article the fearless way in which he has identified himself with the resistance of the local African people to the government's attempt to impose passes on the women. Now he writes:

Things are very dire here: much more so than at the time of your visit. In reply to your request for news I shall outline one or two salient matters:

1. On the Friday of the week after you were here (24 January) four people were shot dead and several wounded in Gopane, 35 miles from Zeerust. The wounded who could run did so; some have not been seen since. Those who could not run were taken into custody and kept under guard in the Zeerust hospital. The official version is that the police were attacked. The unofficial version differs from the official version—diametrically. Among the four dead were a youngster and the village simpleton. At the time of the shooting the police are said to have been assaulting an old man—his youngest son ran, and bystanders and this son were shot. None of the bodies fell nearer than 75 yards from the scene of police action. Quite a civilising mission, really. Sten guns; and a lot of pieces of person on the grass. We had been expecting this for months.

2. Three to five thousand refugees have left the area for Bechuanaland—figures are uncertain. They are being well looked after there. I was told in Lobatsi that they are scattered from the border to the Kalahari, and from Mafeking to Serowe. A similar number have left for Johannesburg, many passing through this rectory. One woman had a miscarriage here at the rectory.

3. Police and pro-government chief action continue to be less than benign. A large number of illegal fines have been levied, and the people are in a terrible condition—their cattle having been seized in most instances. As a direct result of police action we face a major famine—no ploughing, or no weeding of crops means that this year this district is going to produce almost nothing. This will doubtless be represented as a visitation from the White Man's God. For this reason, and because now we can no longer afford legal defence (in one instance 80 people are facing a charge of murder for the death of one man) we desperately need money. Can you help?

4. Banishment of local people to Natal has begun.

5. Last Friday the government (i.e., Vermoerd) made it illegal for anybody to enter these reserves without a permit from the Native Commissioner—penalty three years or £300. This means (a) refugees cannot return if they wish to; (b) nobody has access to observe what is going on behind our local iron curtain; (c) exempted people such as myself can be banned from entering—I have not received notice of such banning—yet; (d) husbands from the towns can no longer visit their wives or children. Further any statement, verbal or written, which is 'likely to subvert the authority of the state, chief or headman', carries a penalty of £300 or three years. Most of the people are of course ignorant of this proclamation.

6. Our own position is more or less impossible. When I go to visit church members in the reserves, police vans (riot cars) accompany me. Nobody wants to see his priest in such company.

7. In spite of all this, three villages have again refused to take reference books for their women. I don't know what it is about these people, but they certainly are both courageous and stubborn. They say: 'The elephant is now stamping us into the

ground'. And then they get up and defy the elephant all over again. In the end the elephant will have to depart or tire, and then we may expect all hell to break loose. Guns just can't subdue the spirit; or not for long.

Father Hooper has risked a great deal to make these evils known. In this he is typical of many brave spirits in South Africa. In return we owe them our support—moral, political and—above all in the immediate future—financial.

BARBARA CASTLE

House of Commons

[*NS* readers who would like to answer Fr Hooper's appeal for money may send contributions to Fr Hooper, c/o NEW STATESMAN, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.—ED., *NS*.]

SIR,—May I assure your readers, many of whom are probably contributors to the Treason Trials Defence Fund, that this fund is a recognised welfare organisation, number W.O. 2092, registered by the National Welfare Organisations Board?

The street collection held recently in aid of the Fund was conducted, as every other street collection in Johannesburg, with the permission of the City of Johannesburg Social Affairs Department, whose officials allotted the date and supervised the counting of the money. None of the men and women of all races, whose work made this a remarkably successful collection, were in the slightest danger of a prison sentence. I cannot think how Mrs Barbara Castle came by this misapprehension. Nor are any of those who generously support the Fund in any conflict with the law on those grounds.

F. LEVSON
Secretary

Treason Trials Defence Fund
P.O. Box 2864
Johannesburg

THE SUMMIT LETTERS

SIR,—The service Lord Russell and you have done us in provoking and printing the letters from Mr Dulles and Comrade Krushchev is in revealing, finally and clearly, the sort of people these two politicians are; and in making it manifest that the less we have to do with either of them, the better.

You are probably right in saying that Mr Dulles believes what he writes. For he is clearly a fanatic. Only a fanatic could assert that the US has never tried to force its way of life on anyone; unless, of course, he had never heard of President Polk, for instance, who, I have sometimes thought, may have inspired some of Hitler's war-provoking antics. Yes, I fear you are right about Mr Dulles, I fear he is an honest man. God help us all!

But when you claim that Comrade Krushchev believes what *he* wrote in his contribution to this week's NEW STATESMAN, you go too far. I have just struggled painfully through the whole 9,000 words. I do not suppose you have ever had the misfortune to print a slacker, sloppier, sillier farrago of drivel in the whole course of your journalistic life. That alone, however, would not be sufficient to make it certain that Comrade K. was insincere. Demagogues, and all politicians are that now, must necessarily have third-rate minds. But even so . . . no, it's impossible. Comrade Krushchev likes to appear as a plain, blunt man. In fact he obviously is a plain, blunt man, who has got where he is by being plain and blunt with whatever weapon, from a broken bottle to a broken promise, came to hand. That is all common form. But he must also have needed a modicum of cunning, a certain quickness and shrewdness, even a little penetration, for after all he had to survive in the world of the late J. V. Stalin, not to mention Beria and the rest. In short, plain and blunt he may be, but he is not absolutely cretinous. And nobody but a cretin could still believe that stuff about 'Horthy elements' in the Hungarian revolution of 1956. We may, I think, take it that Comrade Krushchev knows the real facts as well as we do. So that what he persuaded you to print was not what he believed but what, in his experience, it is now possible to get the Orwellian sheep we all are to bleet. As we are not Russians, of course, this fails. But, sir, for how long? How long will it be before our leaders are treating us with precisely the same kind of contempt? Not long if we do not curb them at every turn.

The lesson of these letters you have been printing is clear: the two most powerful men in the world are not fit to be trusted with a catapult, let alone an H-bomb. And this is not because they are respectively American and Russian. It is because no man, and most certainly no man of the kind who deliberately seeks and enjoys political power, is fit to be trusted with such a device. We cannot deny it to either of your eminent letter-writers, sir. But we can deny it to our own top men. Fortunately the movement to do so seems to be going well. We must keep up the pressure. You never know, the idea might spread beyond our shores.

EDWARD HYAMS

Molash
Canterbury
Kent

THE OXFORD REFERENDUM

SIR,—'The organisers of this referendum are at best religious cranks and at worst traitors', wrote one undergraduate on his ballot paper. I am merely a statistician, who was one of the team which the organisers, overwhelmed with the flood of comments, called in at the last moment to evaluate the results. I did not foresee that we should be called 'tame statisticians' by David Marquand in your journal; I felt that the crude figures might gravely mislead unless supplemented by an account of the voters' remarks.

Punching of the votes on to IBM cards made it possible to extract information beyond the bare totals. There was a majority against the government's policy on six of the seven questions, varying from 47-42 per cent. (on seeking agreement on nuclear disarmament not necessarily linked to general disarmament) to 60-31 per cent. (on suspending tests unilaterally, at least provisionally). But there was no defined 'anti-bomb' bloc, and the majorities were composed of different groups from question to question. Only 600 undergraduates voted the straight 'anti-bomb' ticket; only 350 the straight ticket the other way. All the remaining 3,000 voted to express varying degrees of opposition; the result could have been represented as anything between 91 per cent. anti-bomb and 85 per cent. pro-bomb without doing actual violence to the formal voting.

Examination of the 1,600 comments was therefore indispensable. Eight evaluators waded through them over five days, and came close to developing a private terminology as the process continued. 'Clean' sheets, without comment, could be punched immediately; 'dirty' sheets came by bicycle messenger from the computers to colleges for 'washing'. Each comment was classified on a simple scale, with provision not only for opinion on the main issue but also for rejection of questions on semantic grounds; the scale included a note of the relative frequency of moral and strategic argument. A synthesis of the evaluators' subjective reports proved more useful, on the whole, than these gradings. About 700 objections to questions were noted: a comment misquoted last week should have read: 'the questions about the H-bomb are simple—why are *your* questions so complicated?' The most frequent criticisms were of Question 7 ('Should Britain do everything within her power, including if need be renunciation of her own nuclear arms, to stop any further countries acquiring or developing nuclear weapons?'), considered unexplicit and unduly hypothetical. The words 'sufficient' and 'indefinite' came under heavy fire in Question 2 ('Does the argument that Britain's possession of the bomb gives her a greater influence in negotiations provide a sufficient reason for indefinite retention of the bomb?'). I hope that the Cambridge pollsters will profit by Oxford's experience rather than join the flock of universities who adopted the Oxford questionnaire unchanged.

Party 'lines' were hard to find: the same standpoint would tend to be justified from several individual points of view. But every evaluator was impressed by the presence of College trends, showing evidence of extensive discussion in JCRs. The Lincoln anti-disarmament voters were prone to cite the original works of Marx and Lenin: St Hilda's girls were concerned, unlike most, with stressing the link between nuclear and total disarmament. Keble comments ran to hundreds of words, several times outlining schemes of detailed stage-by-stage progression from negotiation on. Pure pacifism was rare, and moral arguments were usually rejected in favour of strategic.

Those opposed to nuclear disarmament chose to comment more frequently than those in favour. There was very little anti-Americanism, and that mostly from the far right. Many stressed the value of the bomb 'in order to keep our position in the top three' (Magdalen). An American wrote: 'As a guest in this country I don't feel it would be right for me to answer these questions. However, I can say that it is my opinion that the US government should stop its nuclear tests.' A representative view came from Queen's College: 'It is all very well to make the gesture of banning nuclear weapons—and it saves money because then we throw the whole burden of our protection on to the Americans. And having made the Americans responsible for our safety we must at least allow them to plant their weapons on our territory if they wish to.'

The general impression was of individual viewpoints painstakingly thought out and justified. The organisers at least cannot be accused of having oversimplified the issues. A St John's man wrote on his form: 'It will be dangerous to deduce very much from the results of this survey. Anyway, you have made people think.' From that conclusion the evaluators would not dissent.

ROBIN FARQUHARSON

Nuffield College
Oxford

SIR,—In his reflections on the Oxford campaign against the Hydrogen bomb, Mr David Marquand remarks: 'For even the normally a-political have not reacted with the emotionalism Lord Hailsham con-

TAKE CYPRUS

just as an example

When His Excellency Ambassador Selim Sarper, Head of the Turkish Delegation, put his Government's point of view before the 11th Session of the U.N. General Assembly, he based certain important documentary evidence on KEESING'S, as stated in the official account of his speech.

The same trust is constantly placed in KEESING'S by Statesmen and Diplomats in all parts of the world when dealing with current international affairs, for according to many experts there is not a more precise and handy, *living* instrument for the serious study of world events anywhere, nor a better reference tool for obtaining dependable and up-to-date details at a quick glance.

But you need not be an Ambassador to profit fully from KEESING'S (nor rich as Croesus to afford it). As an intelligent reader of the *New Statesman* you are bound to recognise its unique usefulness at first sight, and you owe it to your interest in present-day problems and questions to get to know KEESING'S. The coupon provided below offers you this opportunity NOW.

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demned. To most of the campaign supporters the issue is political, not moral'. Two implications are clear: First, morality is of its nature one thing and politics of its nature another; secondly, to think and speak of public matters in terms of morality is to be guilty of 'emotionalism'—and the word is clearly used pejoratively.

Until such cant is abandoned, a realistic approach to political and social problems (of which the nuclear threat is only one, though by far the most pressing) is impossible.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

14 Henrietta Street, WC2

VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM

SIR,—Your footnote to Jo Richardson's letter was important, for if your view that the aims of VFS are both constitutional and laudable becomes generally accepted, then not only is the future of VFS assured but, much more important, the Labour Party stands a chance of achieving Socialism through the means of parliamentary democracy.

It has yet to be shown that it is possible to use the political furniture of a society for the purpose of changing its economic nature. For us there is no revolutionary breaking of the mould. We are poured into the established channels, we are under constant temptation to settle down but if we do so, we not only abandon Socialism, in the long run we also abandon democracy.

If policy formation and agitation is conducted only within the officially approved organs, administrative efficiency is substituted for Socialist ardour, for the party machines inevitably become a part of the established order of society as soon as the party of change reaches governmental status. It is not necessary to look as far as Australasia or Scandinavia for evidence of the acceptance of the welfare state within the acquisitive society as a substitute for Socialism. Take any local authority where Labour has been in power for twenty years. For other examples of the all-pervasive power of the economic mores of the existing society to control the *nature and conduct* of organs which do not nominally share their motivation, it is only necessary to look at the nationalised industries and the Co-operative societies.

The Labour Party is almost unique among democratic Socialist parties in that it tolerates dissent. Most Socialist parties operate internally a form of democratic centralism the extreme effects of which may be seen in the French Socialist Party.

The importance then of Victory for Socialism lies in the fact that it may represent the last chance of finding out whether democratic Socialism can become a form of society, or whether it is just an aim, an ideal, without purpose other than to encourage people to live in a state of usury and make the best of it.

Let us hope that the NEC will decide to give VFS its head; will decide to let us shove and push and urge and argue and irritate in the knowledge that on the day that its members no longer want to form ginger groups, on that day the Labour Party will be dead.

HUGH JENKINS

25m Westmoreland Terrace
SW1

SNOPES ON THE MARCH

SIR,—Mr Edmund Wilson is, of course, quite right, and I owe him an apology for attributing to him a statement about William Faulkner that he never made. I am at loss to understand by what abberation I ascribed it to him, and I regret it all the more because I have long admired Mr Wilson's essay, 'William Faulkner's Reply to the Civil-Rights Program', as the best short article I know on the strength and weakness of Faulkner as a novelist.

WALTER ALLEN

1 Sarlsdown Road
Exmouth

JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—Since last writing to you I have been on a short visit to Moscow. I was interested to note that songs in Yiddish are being sung on Moscow Radio from time to time and that concerts are being given in the Yiddish language. Works of famous Yiddish writers are being republished, but in Russian translation in order to achieve a wide readership. Since this is the only way that Yiddish literary works can be widely popularised I find it hard to understand any objection to this.

As regards the Moscow State Jewish Theatre, I am personally very doubtful whether its popularity was not due to a great extent to the fact that Midhoels was such a superb actor. It certainly became known in the West because of his 'King Lear', which is a gem of English, not Jewish, culture. I am extremely doubtful whether there is any real demand for its revival.

As to Yiddish schools, I find it hard to take Mr Litvinoff seriously on this. Would he send his child to a school where the first language was Yiddish and English the first 'foreign' language? I cannot imagine there being any demand for Yiddish schools in the USSR any more than in Britain today.

Jews are both on the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party and in the diplomatic service. Yudin, Ambassador to China, is both; Mitin, head of the Society for the Propagation of Scientific and Political Knowledge, the most important mass ideological body in the USSR, is also Jewish and on the Central Committee.

That the *proportion* of Jews in leading positions has declined is a natural and inevitable result of the building up of a new Soviet intelligentsia based on universal schooling and a vast expansion of higher education in every Soviet republic. The abnormal number of Jews in high places in the earlier years was a direct result of the relatively greater 'revolutionariness' of Jews because of their relatively greater sufferings under Tsarism.

I do not deny that terrible things occurred during the 'Beria regime', and that Soviet Jews, in so far as they were suspected of closer ties with the West and with that 'western outpost' Israel, may have come in for more of their share than, say, the average Russian. On the other hand, however, there was at no time any attack on the Jews as a whole comparable with the mass deportation of the Chechen-Ingush and other Caucasian nationalities who now are being restored to their former territories. The tendency of Jews to treat the Jewish question as if it were more important than any other question should be avoided. It has led to gross exaggeration as regards the position in the USSR.

My own impression of a short visit to Moscow is that the general atmosphere is very similar to that of the early Thirties, before the so-called 'Cult' began, and as regards the encouragement of friendly contacts with the West, at all levels, it is better than it has ever been before.

PAT SLOAN

The British Soviet Friendship Society

FREE-FOR-NOT-QUITE-ALL

SIR,—Mr Driberg had some very favourable remarks to make about *Radio Link* in his article 'Free-For-Not-Quite-All'; but one comment, which echoed the title of the article, baffled me. 'Why', Mr Driberg asked, 'should *Radio Link* listeners be protected from dangerous thoughts more carefully than others?'

Mr Driberg was aware when he wrote this that we have had Russian speakers, taking part from Moscow in unscripted discussions, in three of the last 12 programmes. This is the first time such experiments have ever been attempted, so far as we know, in the history of broadcasting. He was also aware that the BBC has been negotiating for the participation of certain leading figures in the Communist world. (The Polish Deputy Foreign Minister has since agreed to answer questions on the Rapacki plan from Warsaw on 27 March.) Aware of all this, why did Mr Driberg hint that *Radio Link* is Free-for-not-quite-all, and suggest, further, that we who are connected with the programme are guilty of suppressing dangerous thoughts?

Mr Driberg also implied that in the last programme I had been unfair in stating that the doctrine of massive retaliation was accepted in this country. I think it will have been clear from my reference to the Defence White Paper in the same sentence that I meant 'accepted by the government'. But would it not also be correct to say that the official Labour position is that Britain should retain its stock of H-bombs (presumably as part of the 'massive deterrent' of the West) unless and until both Russia and the United States give up theirs?

ROBERT MCKENZIE

[Tom Driberg writes: No; I'm sorry, but Mr McKenzie's reference to the White Paper makes his omission worse. He did not merely say 'accepted' or 'accepted by the government'; he said 'fully and completely accepted in this country'—which is grossly misleading—and he failed to mention the strong, official Labour attack on Paragraph 12 of the White Paper. As he admits, any comments on *Radio Link* were largely favourable.—ED., *NS.*]

TELEVISION BY-ELECTIONS

SIR,—You state in your article on 'Television By-Elections' on 15 March that television has no right to report elections. This is not our reading of the law. The Independent Television News gave special reports in its bulletins of the progress of the campaign in both the Rochdale and Kelvingrove by-elections. These reports were put out in each case six days before polling day and consisted of a filmed picture of the constituency, interviewers with voters on the main issues of the election, and either reports on the candidates or interviews with them. In both cases the by-elections were treated upon an assessment of their news value—a basis which should be practicable also for a general election.

GEOFFREY COX
Editor

Independent Television News, Limited

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

PUBLIC MEETINGS

TWICKENHAM
Monday, 24th March 8.00 p.m.
York House, Twickenham
MILES MALLESON Dr. P. HUGH-JONES
Dr. E. H. BURHOP R. E. K. CATTERALL
L. R. WOODWARD

ABINGDON
Tuesday, 25th March 8.00 p.m.
Dr. A. PIRIE Rev. JOHN RALPHS
Councillor OLIVE GIBBS JOHN ENNALS

WILLESDEN
Wednesday, 26th March 7.30 p.m.
Anson Hall, Chichele Road, Willesden, N.W.10
MAURICE ORBACH
HORACE JOULES
MORRIS KAUFMAN

SEVENOAKS
Friday, 28th March 7.45 p.m.
Cornwall Hall, Sevenoaks
Sir RICHARD ACLAND
Dr. ALEX COMFORT

146, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. FLE 4175

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Chimney of the World

'MANCHESTER', wrote General Napier in 1839 soon after taking command of the troops in the North of England, 'is the chimney of the world. Rich rascals, poor rogues, drunken ragamuffins and prostitutes form the moral, soot made into paste by rain the physique, and the only view is a long chimney: what a place! The entrance to hell realised!'

In the tense and bitter years of English history between the onset of the business depression of 1837 and the year of misery, fear and hate, 1842, most judgments on Manchester were of this kind. Only the leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League saw Manchester as the entrance not to hell but to heaven. They chose their texts from the Bible, but they were inexact in their scriptural topography, sometimes talking of Manchester as 'the Mecca' of the middle classes, at other times proclaiming a new Jerusalem. Disraeli, who could not conceal a confused and at times confusing respect for the Manchester industrialists, was more original. 'Rightly understood,' he remarked in *Coningsby* (1844), 'Manchester is as great a human exploit as Athens.'

All roads led to Manchester in the 1840s. It was the shock city of the age, and it was as difficult to be neutral about it as it was to be neutral about Chicago in the 1890s or Los Angeles in the 1930s. It was a city which made excited contemporaries ask questions and seek solutions. They were questions which necessarily involved comparisons with the past and prophecies about the future. They centred on what Carlyle called 'the condition of England question', the fate of the new masses of working men packed together in small spaces. Young Friedrich Engels, only 22 years old when he first visited Manchester in 1842, posed the questions more powerfully than any of his contemporaries. 'What is to become of these populous millions who own nothing and consume today what they earned yesterday? What fate is in store for the workers who by their inventions and labour have laid the foundations of England's greatness? What is to be the future of those who are now daily becoming more and more aware of their power and pressing more and more strongly for their share of the social advantages of the new era?' His brilliant survey, newly translated and edited by W. O. Henderson and W. H. Chaloner*, sets out his own famous answers. They were terse, unequivocal and bold, and they were related not only to Manchester but to other great industrial cities, not only to cotton operatives but to the whole of the working classes, not only to England but to the world. There is a direct link in argument and in feeling between Engels's book (1844) and the *Communist Manifesto* of '48. Engels not only described and condemned Manchester: he went on to suggest how it could be changed. In generalising about its problems and its opportunities he preached a new message which influenced future events outside Manchester far more than it did inside the city itself. By the time that his book first appeared in English in 1887, Manchester had ceased to be news, many of the people who had been shocked by it were dead, the English revolution Engels had prophesied had not taken place, but Communist theory was systematic, alive, and increasingly influential in many parts of the world.

Engels's book was based not only on twenty-one months of observation but on a rapid reading of official reports and of other people's comments and conclusions. He leaned heavily on a few almost completely forgotten sources – Peter Gaskell's *The Manufacturing Population of England* (1833), for example, and Andrew Ure's *Philosophy of Manufacturers* (1835). He accepted much of the simplified and misleading history in the first, while he lampooned the second. He made good use also of newspapers, particularly the Chartist *Northern Star*, the liberal *Manchester Guardian* and the radical *Weekly Dispatch*. His latest editors criticise his use of sources, claiming that he garbled and abridged them to suit his purposes, and mixed up damning evidence from different periods of time without adding that it was not all contemporary. This charge can be pressed too far. Engels never swallowed his sources whole. In his *Historical Introduction* he relied on Gaskell's idealised picture of eighteenth-century life, but he used key phrases like 'industrial revolution' – at that time virtually a new phrase – which Gaskell did not use, and he drew a completely different conclusion from Gaskell at all the crucial stages of his analysis. Gaskell believed that the domestic worker was 'more advantageously placed in all points' than the factory worker, that 'combinations of workmen' necessarily entailed the 'arbitrary and tyrannical assumption of power', that 'the improvement which has taken place in the great body of masters within the last few years is perhaps the best guarantee for improvement amongst the men'. Other writers on whom Engels depended for evidence disliked Manchester because it was 'the chimney of the world', and they hated factory industry because it destroyed 'idyllic simplicity' and snapped the ties of deference and obligation. Engels admitted the rupture, but unlike every other writer saw it as the beginning of a liberation.

> The industrial revolution . . . turned the workers completely into mere machines and deprived them of the last remnants of independent activity. Yet it was this change which forced the workers to think for themselves and to demand a fuller life in human society.

The editors of this new edition describe Engels as a 'brash young man', but there was nothing brash about this basic judgment. It was less brash than many of Disraeli's diagnoses, less verbose than Robert Vaughan's sermonising, more constructive than any of Carlyle's aphorisms, and far less gloomy than Napier's diatribe. Engels always thought for himself about the books he used, thinking violently, bitterly, compassionately, originally. He was not writing for professional historians – there were no professional historians in England in 1844 – but for an unknown future public. It is an interesting comment on the difference between the 1840s and the 1950s that Dr Chaloner and Dr Henderson are as shocked by Engels as Engels was shocked by Manchester. They do not recapture the authentic mood of his age. If Engels sometimes garbled, they niggle. In places they seem near to implying that nobody was right to challenge the social system of early industrialism or to criticise the borough of Manchester in its bleak age. They rightly point out that the use of the phrase 'hungry forties' to describe that age was a twentieth-century innovation, but they can find plenty of references to hunger in the literature of the period. It was Carlyle, not Engels, who wrote in *Past and Present* (1843) – 'Such a Platitude of a World in which all horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men could die starved: were it not better to end it, to have done with it?' It was Tennyson, not Engels, who wrote in *Locksley Hall* (1843), 'Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion creeping nigher'. In assessing this literature it is of relative unimportance to comment that conditions were improving in 1843 or that 1844 was a much better year than 1837 or 1842. Engels was as well aware as Dr Chaloner and Dr Henderson that the business depression which greeted him on his arrival in Manchester had its origins in 1836 and 1837, not in 1840, and that conditions in Lancashire had been bad even before the increase in unemployment and the further reduction in the living standards of the handloom weavers. He was interested in the trade cycle, but he was aware of what we would now call the 'structural' problems of the economy too. In no part of his work did he lean so heavily or so uncritically on one of his authorities as the editors of this new edition lean on a well-known passage from Sir John Clapham's *Economic History of Modern Britain* in their Introduction. Engels was not a 'myth-maker' when he talked of distress in the 1840s and he was not a wild-eyed visionary when he expressed support for workers' movements to remedy their condition. He was wrong about the likelihood of imminent revolution, which he 'foretold with the certainty of the laws of mathematics or mechanics', but even then he erred in good company. Many other writers who did not agree with his Communist philosophy shared his propensity to predict. Carlyle talked of 'sooty Manchester . . built upon the infinite abysses', Mrs Gaskell's *Mary Barton* introduced Manchester characters who lived as 'separate as if we were in two worlds', and it was only cautious reviewers who preceded their notes on new Manchester novels with sentences like, 'our readers need not be alarmed at the prospect of penetrating the recesses of Manchester'. During the 1840s Manchester stimulated men to gaze into crystal balls as well as to wear cotton shirts, and if you peered into the smoke you might be forgiven for seeing the spectre or the vision of a revolution.

Historians blessed with hindsight may ponder on the reasons why England did not experience a revolution, why it avoided what Engels thought would be 'the most bloodthirsty war of the poor

* *The Condition of the Working Class in England.* By FRIEDRICH ENGELS. *Blackwell.* 25s.

against the rich the world has ever seen'. The social critics of the 1840s, amongst whom Engels must be numbered, missed some of the relevant factors to be taken into the reckoning and misjudged others. Peel was not a Guizot, O'Connor was certainly not a Lenin. Birmingham was not a Manchester, nor was London. It was once remarked in jest that had Engels lived not in Manchester but in Birmingham, Marx would have been a currency reformer. Outside the cities the mood of the countryside was either deferential or quiescent: Engels's short chapter on 'the proletariat on the land' is plainly inadequate. The middle classes, unlike most of their European counterparts, were safely 'hitched to the Constitution'; certainly after 1846 not all of them were as complacent, as wicked or as blind as Engels suggested in his comprehensive 'bill of indictment'. There was a revival of business prosperity in the mid-1840s associated with the railway boom: it did not break political Chartism but it thinned the crowds. Above all, whatever the social critics might say, many working-class Englishmen were what the Duke of Wellington called 'quiet people', and religion influenced some of them far more than Engels was prepared to admit.

Not all Engels's prophecies were wrong – he foresaw, for example, that there would be a commercial crisis in 1846 or '47 and that the corn laws would soon be repealed. It is remarkable indeed, considering his youth and his foreign birth and upbringing, that he showed so many flashes of acute insight. The editors of this volume not only deny him a place among the historians but refuse to take him seriously as a sociologist. He would not have cared about these modern categories, but a fair critic must. For all the editors' denigration, Chapter III of Engels's work, 'On the Great Towns', remains a most important – and for its age, unique – contribution to the literature of urbanism. It brings out the social contrasts of a large industrial city, gives reasons for them, relates the layout of the city to its social and economic structure as well as to its physical geography, shows why the wealthier inhabitants have a limited interest in the well-being and beauty of the city as a whole, discusses the relationship of new urban growth to the older areas of settlement, and points forward to the quantitative studies of the 1880s and 1890s when London, not Manchester, became the centre of social investigation. At the same time for all his criticism, Engels, unlike Gaskell, was aware of the benefits and opportunities of urban life, and believed that it was a necessary escape from 'happy vegetation in the countryside'. In exposing the slums, he did not attack the existence of the city.

The impact on the English-speaking world of Engels's comments and criticisms was delayed until after the publication of the first English edition, but his was an authentic voice of the 1840s. Personal motives doubtless influenced the tone and content of his work, but he was driven by something more than spleen or idiosyncrasy. It is impossible to understand the 1840s without returning to his angry pages, and unlike some angry young men in other generations, he really had something to be angry about.

ASA BRIGGS

Past the Last City

Past the last city, on to the great plain;
The fevered air grows still, the lights behind us,
Thrown from a thousand scattered windows, blur.
We are alone. Their frantic semaphore
Will no more trouble us this side of dawn.
The road beyond us stretches through the night
And then, perhaps, only to night again.
And no farewells. That is the way with cities.
No dogs announced our coming nor was there any
Token of speech surrendered as we left
But in the neighbouring houses
Lights doused, the windows barred, and life only escaping
Secretly, like a hint of leaking gas.
So now our friendly heavens shot with stars
Give place to a long darkness. We, the outriders,
Already imagine the end, but for the many
There will be no end, only a gradual cessation:
Walking home from the tram in the early morning
Somehow the boulevard will have changed,
Whatever road you take there will be frontiers.

The city is a mirage now, or a dream,
Remembered in random details, a bridge on an asphalt river,
A park at noon – each corner keeps some tale
Of our lives trapped in its shadows, some responsibilities
Even our deaths cannot solve. But we shall not return.
The abstract cities are doomed, and we must find
Instead new homes in the hills, in the desert,
Stake out a settlement of rock for the survivors.

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

Girl of Prodigious Parts

The History of Fanny Burney. By JOYCE HEMLOW. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

This spirited and scholarly work is for the Burneyites, a family cult which has been made possible by the compulsion of this clever family to put pen to paper and to keep every little bit. The works of Fanny Burney, her *Journals*, her letters, are a vivacious guide to the late eighteenth century so that we can almost say, 'Living? Our Burneys do it for us'. In a small, chit-chatting way, of course; that is to say, if we are content with family liveliness and gossip kept crisp in the deep freeze of the English preoccupation with class and manners. There are outbursts, too: the frantic feeling roused by the illness and death of her sister, Susan, broken by a dastardly husband in Ireland; the passion of Fanny and her husband for each other; and Fanny's feeling for her son who lacked the Burney efficiency. Thank heavens, we say, for the articulate and for families that are intensely communicative.

When we turn to Fanny herself, Mrs Thrale's first impression of her as a clever and suddenly successful young woman sticks in the mind. Doctor Burney, the gentle, immensely active and gay music-master was a man after Mrs Thrale's heart. He was liable to fits of gloom, he was devoted to an intolerable wife who was the sister of the malignant and lying woman who ruined the life of Arthur Young. The only fault Mrs Thrale found with Dr Burney was that he was obsequious: it was hard for the rising classes of the eighteenth century to find a mean between that and brutality. Of the brilliant daughter, Mrs Thrale said:

> [She] is a graceful looking girl, but 'tis the grace of an actress, not a woman of fashion – how should it be? The Burneys are, I believe, a very Low Race of Mortals. Her conversation would be more pleasing if she thought less of herself; but her early reputation embarrasses her Talk and clouds her Mind with scruples about Elegancies which either come uncalled or will not come at all. . . . She is a girl of prodigious parts.

There it is: that uncertainty about the class they belong to which has been the making of English novelists, which has given them their point of detachment, which has made them turn to the touch of nature for relief and as if they were shocking themselves, which has sharpened their eye for the obstinate or unassimilable in character, and which has, nevertheless, distracted them from any prolonged interest in human feelings for their own sake. What people look and sound like – excellent. What they are like under the eye of a classless observer – indifferent. *Evelina* is simply the comedy of having vulgar relations and of being embarrassed by them; historically, it conveys the eighteenth century's attempt to climb out of the rough and tumble of the Low into the Elegant and, moralistically, to divest the Elegant of the absurdity of Fashion.

Fanny Burney was an improver but she had the acutest personal reasons for improving. When Dr Burney's first wife died, he married one of her friends, a woman described as handsome, intelligent, sensible and capable of charm. But both her own children and her stepchildren soon found her ferocious in temper, jealous, suspicious, coarse in speech and raging. In her good moments, unfortunately, she became excessive, 'laughing so loud, hooting and clapping her hands' in a manner that made her children hang their heads in society. She sounds like the model of the choleric Madame Duval in *Evelina*. Persecution mania set in; she complained of being 'neglected', suspected plots and produced at last the trump card of the invalid's bed from which she tried to rule. Unhappily for her, a sense of the ridiculous was strong in the family and it is not astonishing that Fanny Burney and her sisters became secretive and that she should seek escape from the noisy neurosis of outraged 'trade' into a society more temperate in manners.

To observe manners in the small world of eighteenth-century London must have been very easy. The classes may have been divided but they were on one another's doorsteps. When people wondered that a young girl like Fanny Burney could record the manners and speech of such a wide variety of people, she said (as many authors have said since) that one had only to use one's eyes and ears. As Miss Hemlow writes, we know a lot about her methods of composition from the drafts that have been left. She began by making a list of moral types and then found characters to fit them; presently the natural knocked the stiffness out of the schematic. Her first drafts were breathless and slangy; but the spirit of improvement got to work. She refined and toned down to suit the style of the time – and to refine herself. The vulgar and the lower classes were given natural dialogue; the gentler characters spoke in the artificial manner which the public required. It is an old convention, but when we look at *Evelina* again, or at the extracts from her plays, only the natural dialogue is nowadays endurable. She had a remarkable ear for it. She never lost it, but more and more a moralistic raising of the tone, a tutorial and, eventually, a high-flown emphasis entered into her work. There was the inevitable English drift to a sort of emotional snobbery and a public face.

Dr Johnson and others compared her to Fielding and there is indeed a masculine heartiness in many of the scenes of *Evelina*. They are brutal to

a degree. Women are chased, seized, bawled at, pushed into the mud; foreigners are abused. The tone is not licentious, but women of the town are boldly mentioned. The manners of the upper classes are as rude as those of the lower. The amount of offence given and taken is astonishing. If the brutal are grotesque, the well-mannered match this in a fashion that is equally exaggerated. But what the critics meant was that Fanny Burney did hit off the natural surface of society and behaviour, as Fielding had done; with spryness rather than with sensibility, and with an eye on 'the way of the world', as if there were nothing outside that way. Snobbish, light, hard-headed, efficient Miss Burney! She bravely maintained her romantic, émigré husband by her pen and managed very well: dazzling at first, romantically in love, practical, stoical, assured at the end. Miss Hemlow, who has for years immersed herself in the multitude of papers, has drawn her portrait well.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Where Aquinas Feared to Tread

Principality and Polity: Aquinas and the Rise of State Theory in the West. By THOMAS GILBY. *Longmans.* 30s.

Few men have been better equipped to write about politics than St Thomas. He grew up in that political laboratory, Frederick II's Italy. His father was a politico-judicial officer in the marches which bordered the papal lands, and an expert in the acrimonious disputes which always arise when Christian monarchs have dealings with Christian prelates. His uncle had the tricky job of regent in the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Aquinas travelled over most of the civilised world, and met, disputed with and vanquished all the learned doctors of his day. He had the finest mind of a brilliant age, and wrote rapidly and lucidly. Moreover, he was by temperament a moderate man and, unlike virtually all his colleagues, never allowed personal feeling to poison his academic encounters. His doctrines fell foul of a bad Archbishop of Canterbury, but he was soon rehabilitated and achieved early, and undisputed, canonisation. He had many friends and, for a man in his position, surprisingly few enemies. Nowadays, he would have been a *Times* leader-writer, a director of Chatham House, a Fellow of All Souls, a Reith lecturer, a respected member of a coalition cabinet and, ultimately, a member of the Cohen Committee.

And yet, his views on politics are almost totally worthless. I have read Dr Gilby's book with great care, as it fully deserves, for he is the leading English Thomist and has gone to immense pains to collect and collate the scattered references in St Thomas's voluminous writings, to blend them into a coherent whole, and to relate it to its legal, theological, philosophic and historical background. It is always a pleasure to watch a fine mind at work dissecting that of a genius, and Dr Gilby's book, though by no means easy reading, is a rare intellectual treat. Yet I must confess that it did not stimulate me to any new reflections on the authority or structure of the state. The fact is, St Thomas's taste for compromise and his unwillingness to commit himself to any concrete system of government, give his political writings a tameness which deadens controversy. He never takes up a position without smugly hedging his bets. He defended the universal primacy of the Pope, but

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admitted that Aristotelian texts did not need the sanction of Papal authority. He advanced the concept of a hierarchical society, but allowed that power sprang from the people. His respect for order and stability have led many to call him a conservative; but equally, as Dr Gilby points out, he held that the duties of the state were not merely negative, but included the positive promotion of conditions in which the good life could be led—and I know of no better short definition of Socialism. On all issues which had any bearing on contemporary problems, he was vague to the point of meaninglessness.

Indeed, St Thomas, though he lacked most of the intellectual vices of the other schoolmen, was a lifelong victim to their central one: the total inability to relate principles to practice. Where truth was not ascertainable—in the realm of theology and abstract philosophy—they were maddeningly and disputatiously specific; but where speculation was open to empirical proof—in the physical and social sciences—they vigorously rejected all experimentation. When a neat and categorised world can be spun out of our heads, they seemed to argue, why bother to explore the real one, with all its irreconcilable complexities? Did this curious intellectual arrogance spring from a deep uncertainty about their fundamental beliefs? We cannot know. No schoolman was ever accused of doubting God's existence, except Bishop Peacock in the fifteenth century—and he vigorously denied the charge. Perhaps had Aquinas lived today, he would have been an agnostic, though certainly not a militant one. At all times, however, the Church has hesitated to explore the unknown, fearing that new empires of knowledge may render the old citadels untenable: hence, in our own day, the curious reluctance to make deductions from the Dead Sea Scrolls.

The tragedy is that, for the medieval schoolmen, this habit of mind vitiated speculation in fields where knowledge could not possibly be perilous. Aquinas reflected deeply on politics without once grappling with the basic forces which determine human societies. Despite his family background, despite the events of his own lifetime, he never seems to have realised—or rather admitted—that the most important contact between the rudimentary states of his day and their citizens was the supply of money. The success of Philip Augustus lay in his ability to extract taxes to pay his soldiers. Magna Carta was a document aimed at circumscribing the king's efforts to obtain money. Henry III's struggle with de Montfort, Frederick II's clash with the Papacy—both revolved around money. To what extent must a king sacrifice his prerogatives in order to persuade his subjects to supply his income? Already, in Aquinas's day, this was the principal political question, the dynamic of constitutional growth. But it never seems to have occurred to him as relevant to his political judgments. Hence his views are devoid of enlightenment or even of interest. It is true, of course, that a political philosopher can live in an abstract world and still stimulate, as de Maistre proved. But in this case he must be controversial—and controversy was something Aquinas was always anxious to avoid. A pity: for a great writer, perhaps even a halo can be bought too high.

PAUL JOHNSON

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A. & C. BLACK

Heart and Curiosity

At Home. By WILLIAM PLOMER. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Any tipster making a book on what Mr Frank Swinnerton would call the post-Georgian literary scene would reckon ill to leave out Mr William Plomer. Yet, since a kind of passive receptivity seems to be the keynote of his life and works, such an omission might be only too likely. No New Elizabethan, Mr Plomer is something of a literary survival. In an age when false urbanity and brash dogged-does-it are busy fighting it out over the corpse of English prose, he has been reserved to report to us what the art of writing was in the golden age of Secker, before Zen, Hitler's masseurs, ex-Soviet agents, speleology, and Ibitza on £25 had quite taken over the publishers' lists.

At Home is a sequel to Mr Plomer's early autobiography, *Double Lives* (1943). Like its predecessor, it contains all the marks of its author's style and personality—his unobtrusive but highly original tone of voice. A connoisseurship of place and atmosphere, a flair for the *outré* and the eccentric, a strong nose for the macabre, a limpid outspokenness where his own emotions are engaged—this, I would say, constitutes Mr Plomer's peculiar note. Yet, with all this, his personality remains enigmatic. It is as if those days in Japan had conferred some inner faculty, some alien tincture that enabled its possessor to penetrate and categorise experience without passing judgments. Not that Mr Plomer doesn't have a strong social conscience. His indignation, where cruelties or meannesses, especially those of class, are concerned, is generous and scathing. It is simply that nothing in life seems to surprise him, and, for this reason, things appear to happen to him far more often than to the rest of us. Most of us are constantly agog for incident. Mr Plomer, sunk in his Buddhahood, in some dim nook of Bayswater, meets with the strangest experiences—including a murder in the very house in which he lodges. (To my mind, the creepiest thing about this occasion is the way in which the author and his friend cleaned up the remains of Mrs Fernandez after the police had left.) He has only to take a flat on the Regent's Canal for an infant's corpse to be dredged up in front of his bedroom window on the first morning of his tenancy. He is unable to visit Haworth without attendant sleet and snow—and an Ethiop hearse winding up the hill. Such a capacity for refracting life, for being the still centre of a turning world, is remarkable.

Maida Vale, Dover, the Aegean, the Crystal Palace, the Valley of the Usk and the glories of the pre-war Caledonian Market—his fascination for the spirit of place has never been better exercised. A visit to Ireland prompts the agreeable notion that, 'I felt then that there was still scope for a Gogol to go round in a car, on some pretext that would appeal to vanity or cupidity and visit the surviving denizens of the demesnes up and down the country'. Yet it is the people even more than the places that remain sharpest in the reader's memory. Mr Plomer's field of folk began to push up remarkable shoots after his return from Japan in 1929 and his silhouettes are masterly: Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf, Ethel Smyth and Nancy Cunard, Lady Ottoline Morell and Sickert (the two of them locked in a music-hall duet), James Stephen telling the justifiably exasperated Leonard Woolf that 'the Little People always know best'; Roger Fry improving the shining hour in the National Gallery ('indicating with his long wooden pointer the presiding figure of God the Father, he was heard to say, "Now, this important mass . . ."'). My own favourite in the collection is Hugh Walpole's

> extraordinary account of a visit paid to Conrad by Robert Hichens, accompanied by an intimate friend who was male, large in body, a cook by vocation, and Russian by nationality. The radar-like sensitivity of Conrad to the intrusion into his domestic sphere of a Russian became even more agitated by what seemed to him the social solecism of causing it and by his instantaneous suspicion of what seemed to him an equivocal relationship; and the combustion set up in the great man by the duties of a host, the prejudices of a Pole, and the antipathy of a heterosexual almost caused him to explode.

This is only a sample of the good things contained in this book. For the advanced Plomerian, there is a discussion of his comic poetry and a chapter on the discovery and publication of Kilvert. There are some admirable pages of literary criticism—including a biting and succinct treatise on the art of being a publisher's reader—and an oddly moving apologia for the Church of England. In his earlier volume Mr Plomer wrote of how he came to understand the futility of globe-trotting:

> . . . one must build up images out of the little one could know and the more one could guess; there could be fruitfulness within narrow bounds. It would be better, perhaps, to be like the Japanese poet Basho, or like White at Selborne, and to hear with a thrill of pleasure a frog jump into an evening pond than to diffuse energy in vain and spread one's faculties thinly over more than they could cover. The important thing was never to lose the appetite for life and art, never to lose heart or curiosity.

Heart and curiosity are the qualities that have made this book.

JOHN RAYMOND

Far but not wee

Selected Criticism. By LOUISE BOGAN. *Peter Owen.* 30*s.*

Until last year, when her *Collected Poems* were published here, Louise Bogan was little known in this country. Glimpsed in the fragmented mirrors of anthologies, her work seemed quiet and personal – almost, like E. E. Cummings's balloonman, 'far and wee'. Only *in extenso* was her patient and powerful talent fully revealed. Likewise, if now and then you have read her reviews in the *New Yorker,* you may have been misled by her concision and modesty: you may have been tempted to dismiss her as a West-43rd-Street sensitive, reporting periodically from the little walled garden labelled 'Verse'. If so, read her *Selected Criticism* and revise your judgment: for this 400-page mosaic of a book proclaims her a genuine and most discerning critic, very American, very feminine, and very understanding, whose only serious failing is the genial fault of kindness.

The articles collected here, from the *New Yorker,* the *American Quarterly,* the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *Nation,* the *New Republic, Partisan Review,* and other less famous sources, span some thirty years of reviewing, and are arranged roughly in order of time. They lead off, rather dauntingly, with a dissertation on 'Modernism in American Literature', which exhibits both the flaws and the virtues suggested by its title. Because, of course, it's highly serious, this business of being an American: a complex fate that leads to breathless syntax. The prescribed books stand on the shelves – the Parnassians, the Symbolists, the imported treasure-trove, the Veblens, the Giedions, the lonely-crowders; but the talk runs on, full of allusions and influences, signifying not all that much; and outside the window the New England landscape looks curiously untouched. Yet what a relief to meet such breadth and confidence, such wide and welcoming horizons, such plain unparochial awareness of what goes on in Europe! This is one of Miss Bogan's virtues. If she seems sometimes to harp on her nationality, she writes expertly on French and German poetry, on Rilke, Paul Eluard, Stefan George, Gide, Goethe, Baudelaire, even on French studies of the detective story. Her range of knowledge, in both poetry and music, compels respect without suggesting condescension.

Very American, then; and very feminine – a term well enough defined by Miss Bogan herself. In one of these essays, she says:

> The earlier history of women poets in America should stand as a warning to modern young women of talent. The special virtues of women are clear, in the same record. Women are forced to become adult. They must soon abandon sustained play, in art or life. They are not good at abstractions and their sense of structure is not large; but they often have the direct courage to be themselves. They are practical, intense, and (usually) both generous and magnanimous.

You may detect here, I think, a slightly defiant note of sexual patriotism, perhaps characteristic of Miss Bogan's generation. Not for nothing does her poem 'Women' begin: 'Women have no wilderness in them,/They are provident instead. . . .' But she shares the qualities she enumerates. Stoical, but tender, she writes with plain directness, and is at her best when most practical. Her perceptions are delicate and sure. Of Edith Sitwell she wrote in 1925: 'She at once stands within the clever clockwork kingdom she has made, and contemplates her own dead childhood'. Of Virginia Woolf as a critic: 'Before the unknow-

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able, the ungraspable, her competence failed; but even here she was partial mistress of the situation: she stopped the investigation at the exact moment that it got out of hand. Time and again we come upon the little flourish of style as she avoids the abyss'. Of Marianne Moore as a 17th-century writer: 'Her sensibilities are Counter-Reformation; her emotion and intellect, Protestant'.

Such quotations could be multiplied, and extended to male as well as female subjects. Some of the most acute of Miss Bogan's essays, in fact, are her studies of Yeats, Pound, Hopkins, Joyce, Rilke, and especially W. H. Auden from whom, it is clear from her poems, she has learned a good deal. She's especially interesting, too, if a little summary, on younger American and British poets.

Miss Bogan can sometimes, of course, hit out quite lethally, briskly clubbing the arrogance of a Peter Viereck, the 'disguised utilitarianism" of a Max Eastman, the uncertain taste of a Louis Untermeyer, or even 'the occasional querulous tone' of Robert Frost. However, as she says of Sir Maurice Bowra, she herself is 'on the poet's side', and will often give the benefit of the doubt. This is a scarce enough virtue among those grape-eyeing foxes, the critics: but it now and then produces Miss Bogan's only notable fault—the tendency to round off an article with slightly after-dinner compliments. But Miss Bogan's magnanimity is infectious; and her book is an immensely likeable witness to her knowledge, taste, and integrity.

RICHARD MAYNE

The Democrat in Spain

The Yoke and the Arrows: A Report on Spain. By HERBERT L. MATTHEWS. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

This is a study of contemporary Spain in the shadow of the last occasion when Spain was the centre of the world—at the time of the Civil War. The title is taken, in the circumstances inexplicably, from the emblem of the Falange, with whom the author has nothing in common. He is an editor of *The New York Times* and a very experienced reporter, who was in Spain for his paper during the Civil War. His is very much a journalist's book, being hasty, without references, anecdotes jumbling up with statistics, and no care for logical arrangement of ideas. It reads as if it had been dictated.

Many of the things which Mr Matthews has to say, however, are illuminating and moving. He states firmly the three main facts about modern Spain. First, that however mixed its causes, the errors of judgment and the folly on everyone's part, the Spanish Civil War was one of those rare events when, once the explosion has actually come, one side is absolutely right, and the other absolutely wrong; such occasions, by at long last posing the usually complicated problems of political choice in simple terms, allow politics, however briefly, to be thought of in the black and white categories of ethical judgments (it is nostalgia for this kind of dilemma that keeps romantics like Jimmy Porter eternally angry as well as eternally youthful). Secondly, as Mr Matthews admits, the time of simplicity in Spanish life is now past, and no one wants any more bloodshed. All the old Spanish problems remain—Church and State, poverty and wealth, growth and stagnation, censorship and freedom—but any new birth of reason (if it ever comes) will probably be free from much of the old ferocity: the Church, that is, may be dis-established but the churches will not be burned. (As the Republican exiles fail to realise, the Spanish temper has undoubtedly moderated during the nineteen years of Franco's rule.) Thirdly, the present régime is to be condemned because it not only denies all civil liberties but does not even use this totalitarianism to wrench, at whatever cost, the country into the twentieth century. Spain's dictator has but one aim: to make a once brilliant, versatile and noble country die of boredom. There are now signs, as Mr Matthews says, that the aim has failed, and that the cry of *¡L'Espagne s'ennuie!* may yet become the most progressive manifesto of all.

This is a vigorous and honestly liberal book, which I recommend to those contemplating a Spanish holiday, in place of the drivelling, soft, escapist literature about Spain devised for the professional émigré from the Welfare State. In particular, such travellers should look at Mr Matthews's study of the famous Alcazar incident; how, he asks, could Colonel Moscardó be telephoned on July 23 1936 by his son to be told that if the Alcazar were not surrendered within ten minutes he (young Luis) would be shot, when the telephone wires were cut between the Alcazar and the rest of Toledo on July 22? Remember that when the guide is intoning the Colonel's famous alleged reply—'Commend your soul to God, cry Viva España! and die like a patriot!' In his humane and understanding treatment of this and other Francoist myths, Mr Matthews appears in the best tradition of the Anglo-Saxon democrat abroad.

HUGH THOMAS

Crowning Everest

The Everest-Lhotse Adventure. By ALBERT EGGLER. Translated by HUGH MERRICK. *Allen & Unwin.* 21*s.*

Coronation Everest. By JAMES MORRIS. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Here is Everest plain and coloured. The first is a climber's book, the story of the Swiss expedition which repeated the ascent of Everest in 1956; the other, the highly personal narrative of *The Times* correspondent with Hunt's party in 1953. By this time the general reader feels like passing quickly over the familiar ground of the march to Namche Bazar, the Khumbu glacier, the passage of the ice-fall: what he really wants to know from Herr Eggler's book is how the Swiss found the mountain. Had the knowledge it had been climbed before transformed the affair into an easy Himalayan day? Or is Everest, in any conditions, on the very margin of possibility? Herr Eggler gives an answer betwixt and between. Everything did indeed go quite straightforwardly for the two pairs who reached the top on successive days; but the four men were on the top of their physical form, the weather was fine, and the organisation as efficient as Hunt's. One deduces that these three factors must always be present for success. That the Swiss owed little to luck is rammed home by their also pocketing the first ascent of Lhotse: a most impressive affair, involving the climbing of a steep groove in a raging gale. The descent must have needed tough minds as well as flawless techniques.

Mr Morris's theme is how he brought the good news of the first ascent from the Western Cwm to the Coronation crowds in London, in the teeth of press competitors who cheerfully bribed his runners and tapped his telegrams, never realising that 'Snow Conditions Bad Advanced Base Abandoned Awaiting Improvement' meant 'Everest climbed Hillary Tenzing'. All Mr Morris's ruses

and stratagems are great fun to read about, as are the meetings with colleagues Izzard of the *Mail* and Johnson of Reuters, who just happened to be loafing around Namche Bazar. But though the story of his news-story is the main thread, its chief pleasure is in his lively and individual picture of the expedition. Unlike the climbers who have written about it, Mr Morris takes absolutely nothing for granted: all comes fresh as paint to him, whether Nepalese politics, the streets of Katmandu (through which he was pursued by a Maharajah in search of a suitcase), or bodies struggling through the sleeve entrance of a tent, dragging rucksacks behind them 'like stubborn fat terriers on leads'. He hits off the climbers shrewdly: Hillary 'as much a virtuoso as any Menuhin, and as deeply and constantly embroiled in his art'; Tenzing, 'so keen and dashing and unspoilt, still a simple and uncluttered man despite the celebrity that was already accumulating round him'; Hunt, the practical fanatic, compiling his Assault Load Tables; Michael Ward the doctor, challenging Hunt's decision to carry loads himself to the highest camp. Mr Morris regards this band of brothers with a slightly quizzical affection (as long as they don't start talking about the Climbers' Club hut at Helyg) and, scorning the usual clichés about Sherpas, boldly comes out with the view that they are too hearty by half.

He makes himself a bit of a figure of fun: a clueless passenger up the ice-fall, his equipment always coming unstuck; or at Camp IV, suddenly wondering in a ghoulish way whether he shouldn't be writing some obituaries – would half a column be about right for Hunt? It was very spirited indeed of him to get so far; and it meant he was on the spot at the real moment of triumph, when the top pair returned to the others with their news of victory.

A lot has happened since then. The highest mountains have lost their inaccessibility; and a good deal of gilt has been chipped off the royal coach. But the emotions with which the London crowds heard the news of Everest before they shouted for the Queen were not trivial; and Mr Morris has managed to give the reader back that first pure shock of delight.

JANET ADAM SMITH

New Novels

The Malefactor. By HUMPHREY SLATER. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Guide. By R. K. NARAYAN. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

Orders of Chivalry. By PETER VANSITTART. *Bodley Head.* 15*s.*

The Stars Grow Pale. By KARL BJARNHOF. *Methuen.* 16*s.*

The Distant Music. By H. L. DAVIS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

If only industry and talent went about hand in hand with flux and fantasy in a joyous quartette! As it is the factors that inhibit some people with the necessary skill from writing novels must be at least as complex as the motives that impel others without it to go on churning. I am moved to these reflections by the sad case of Humphrey Slater who died the other day aged fifty-three, having written four novels. They were of uneven quality but they all in some way gave you a distinct impression of promise. Here, you felt, was someone who, with just a little training and self-discipline, could easily have become an extremely successful novelist, certainly, and very likely a really considerable one.

The Malefactor was written some years ago. I am not even sure that it wasn't Slater's first novel. (Pay no attention to the blurb which is more than normally egregious.) It would be interesting to know more of its vicissitudes, before it was dug out of a drawer and brushed up shortly before his death. It is a wartime tour de force on Admirable Crichton lines. Private Albert Hoylake shoots his detested CSM, is charged with murder and removed under escort to divisional HQ. In the chaos of the German breakthrough he takes command of a unit, performs miracles of resource and improvisation, and several times saves the lives of his guards before they are taken off the beaches by an upper middle-class, perfectly probable Wren, in a motor boat. The end comes with an obvious but by no means unconvincing wry twist with the senior guard continuing to press the murder charge. It may not be quite as good as it ought to be; the flash-back biographies are not integrated with the rest; but it is well worth reading for the descriptions of men in action, which have a rare, immediate, visual quality, and some nice, tellingly flat, dialogue. These are two, anyway, of the signs of the natural novelist. Curious that he should not have felt compelled to write more.

Contemporary Indian picaresque is one of my favourite genres. It gives me a feeling of delicious richness. Whereas modern English novelists have to press and squeeze like mad to get enough vital juice out of the subtopian scene, the Indians seem always to have their plates piled high. The setting of *The Guide* is Mr Narayan's favourite town of Malgudi. The leading character is Raju, a rogue

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who used to be a tourists' guide and becomes, quite inadvertently and against his will for it entails a fortnight's fast to sustain the role, a Swami with a large following. The narration is unnecessarily indirect, switching from the third to the first person, as Raju takes up the thread of his own autobiography, and sadly disillusions his disciple with the revelation of his unholy past; but this is not a serious defect and does not interfere with the characterisation. The most important part of Raju's past was his ludicrously touching love affair with the dancer, Rosie. The mood is distinctly pleasing with an infusion of that characteristically Indian tragi-comic blend. The book might easily have degenerated into a rather crude satire on bogus Swamis with Raju a lay figure, but he achieves considerable dignity as well as depth. His death at the end surrounded by devotees and a Californian Swami-collector is a nice ironic exercise.

Orders of Chivalry is an English intellectual's satire into which an enormous amount of industry and intelligence has been packed, so much that it reads hard, like one of those overfilled pipes which won't draw properly. The plot revolves round a Festival of London organised by a television boss. The characters are viewed as analogues of medieval knights, representing aspects of chivalry: violence, romance, virtue, anarchy. This is an almost perversely inept parallel for surely nothing could be less feudal in spirit and social organisation than the modern business expense account world. There is also a slightly bewildering lack of narrative focus. Mr Vansittart writes sometimes like a poet and sometimes like a scientist: there are places where you seem to hear his ratiocinative machinery whirring like a clock warming up before the strike. Dissociated hyper-cerebration is his trouble. Not such a grave fault. He will astonish us yet.

The remaining two novels are both, though in different ways, competent simplifications. *The Stars Grow Pale*, translated from the Danish, is a very clearly written account of the childhood of a boy who is going blind. Its author is a well-known musician and writer who is himself blind. He writes with that detached tranquillity, entirely non-self-pitying, that is so characteristic of blind people's heroic adaptation. Nevertheless one misses the tragic intensity. *The Distant Music* is one of those sturdy American pioneer family chronicles about opening up the North-West in the late eighteen-fifties. The struggle is waged on every front, even the domestic, where the tough patriarchal Ransom Mulock is at odds with his tricky wife, Medora, who miscarries (adulterously) in the snow. It continues for generations. Well enough done, I suppose, if prefabricated. You soon find yourself hallucinating double-page spread magazine illustrations of bearded giants in two-colour shirts.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Documents of Modern Political Thought. Edited by T. E. UTLEY and J. STUART MACLURE. *Cambridge.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

Designed to replace Michael Oakeshott's *Political and Social Doctrines of Contemporary Europe*, this is a collection of snippets meant to illustrate the most influential political philosophies of the modern world. Ranging from *The Times* to the constitution of the Republic of Ireland, including extracts from Marx, Bentham and Herbert Butterfield, the editors have tried, they claim, 'to isolate the doctrinal assumptions implicit in contemporary political thought'. Over-ambitious for 265 pages? The failure of Messrs. Utley and Maclure is due to bizarre selection, not simply lack of space. The section on protestant political thought does not justify itself; and above all, the editors have not decided what they mean by 'modern', nor whether their criterion for selection is merit or practical importance.

The section on Representative Democracy is a gallant attempt to survey—in 84 pages—the complex muddle of modern democratic theory. This attempt is not made easier by including extracts from Locke, Bentham and Mill easily available elsewhere. The section on Communism can only stimulate speculation about the editors' own doctrinal assumptions. Out of 17 extracts, 12 are from Marx, Engels and Lenin; four from Stalin; and only one from Krushchev. There is nothing from Tito, Gomulka or Mao Tse-tung. Communist politicians may be atavistic, but even they often deviate from the founding fathers. Perhaps the editors feel the ideological crisis of contemporary Communism has contributed nothing of philosophic merit: if this is their criterion, why include Lord Hailsham in the first section?

D. M.

The Crime Against Europe. Collected and Edited by HERBERT MACKEY. *C. J. Fallon: Dublin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This miscellaneous collection of Casement's letters, speeches, poems and journalism raises him aloft on his Irish pedestal as a knight in shining armour, *sans peur et sans reproche*, championing the weak against the strong and prophesying woe to wicked old England's damnable Empire. Casement was an eloquent man; and his tirades against brutal imperialism are just as telling and unanswerable today as they were forty years ago. 'The ghost of Roger Casement is beating on the door' in Cyprus, in Algeria, in Hungary. But arguments for the independence of small nations were to his mind not enough: they should be backed by force. Liberty gained without fighting would be hardly worth having; and many of Casement's poems now printed are as enthusiastic about battles and bloodshed as any that Kipling wrote on the other side.

On the vexed question of Casement's homosexuality and the authenticity of the black diaries there is not an overt word in the text. On the dust-cover, however, Mr Mackey summarily dismisses the whole business as 'an atrocious fabrication' by the British Government. Yet he tacitly omits from the collected poems a curious item in Casement's genuine handwriting to be found among the documents in the National Library at Dublin. The only reference to the dubious relationship with Adler Christensen is a facsimile of the offer of a £5,000 reward by the British Minister in Norway for him to betray Casement—an extraordinary proposal on any supposition, which has never been closely investigated. The ambivalent circumstances in which Casement was ultimately received into the Roman Catholic Church are boldly stated in an appendix, from which readers can draw their own conclusions. In Pentonville prison he was asked by the priest to sign an apology 'expressing sorrow for any scandal he might have caused by his acts, private and public'. He did so; and retracted his signature next day because he would not 'strengthen the scandalous rumours as to his private life'. He was finally granted absolution and received his viaticum *in articulo mortis* an hour and a half before his execution. Why did Cardinal Bourne seek to impose the apology?

R. P.

Will the Atom Unite the World? By ANGELOS ANGELOPOULOS. *Bodley Head.* 16*s.*

Professor Angelopoulos, an uncommitted Marxist economist, has answered his question with an unqualified 'yes'. We have only to get through the next decade without any nasty accidents and the atom will bring us to the best of all possible worlds through an industrial and economic revolution more thorough than anything so far. The author has put forward some important and original ideas. By A.D. 2,000 Asia may produce half of the world's goods, and the Middle East's oil will no longer tempt politicians—tensions will relax. Economic rivalry between East and West to provide the underdeveloped countries with the cheapest possible power and with industries

will force capitalism into economic planning and Socialism, and Communism will become more democratic as standards of living rise all round. To ensure their markets in the new industrial countries, East and West will have to enter into multilateral trade agreements, and this may lead to actual co-operation. It is a hopeful thesis, but the last step, into world government, seems an optimistic leap.

With the text there is an invaluable collection of easily digestible tables and statistics which vividly shows just how wide the gulf between the 'have' and the 'have not' countries is now, how atomic energy may reverse the deal, and how pointless the armaments race has become. (Less than two per cent of the world's armaments budget could provide Asia with more than three times her present power capacity.) Politicians should study these figures, and re-think. For the non-scientific, there is a good account of what goes on inside atomic power stations and the scientific work which led up to them.

G. L.

Fall Out. Edited by A. Pirie. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This is the revised edition of a short book by eight contributors, including J. D. Bernal and N. W. Pirie, which aims to present in popular but authoritative form the arguments against continued testing of nuclear weapons, with no pretence of impartiality. There is first a full account of the effects of localised fall-out from American tests in the Pacific, where miscalculations have caused a couple of hundred cases of radiation sickness, and perhaps one or two deaths, over the past four years. Then there is the world-wide distribution of the radioactive strontium-90, which is not accidental but a foreseeable consequence of exploding certain types of 'dirty' bomb, and the danger is that it is taken up into bone and might cause bone cancer. There is no evidence that this has ever happened in man, but human bones do now contain minute amounts of strontium-90, almost wholly derived from American and Russian tests. They add only a very small fraction to the natural radioactivity of radium in bone, possibly below any threshold for an effect, but fifteen years ago there was none at all.

Genetic mutations caused by radiation are a different problem. Here there is no threshold and the smallest increase will have an effect, but some idea of proportion can be got by comparing this effect with that caused by the natural radiation which has always been producing the same kinds of mutations. Artificial radiation now adds appreciably to this natural background, though less than the local variation between different parts of the world, but bomb tests contribute only a very small fraction of that; at present X-rays used in medical diagnosis are very much more important, though nuclear warfare would be another matter.

It is hard to criticise a book with the title *Fall Out* for dealing inadequately with other aspects of the problem of artificial radiation; nevertheless this does give a one-sided picture. It may be useful as a source of arguments to make a case, but anyone who wants a balanced review of the hazards of man-made radiation in the world, should look as well at the impartial and authoritative report published by the Medical Research Council in 1956.

C. B. G.

In our issue of 15 March the publishers of Michael Wolgensinger's book on Spain were given as Rockliff. They are Phœnix House.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,464 **Set by Scythrop**

The usual prizes are offered for a conversation with a clock (12 lines of verse or 100 words of prose). Entries by Tuesday, 1 April.

Result of No. 1,461

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The usual prizes are offered for a set of four maxims from a La Rochefoucauld *de nos jours.*

Report

In despite of the lecture read me by D. J. Morrison ('Difficult to see quite what you were after. A good many of the Maxims could anyway perfectly well be applied to our time') a large number of competitors seemed to know what I was after and quite a few did. Naturally it is easier to achieve the 'form' of the maxims than it is to combine that with a content that cuts behind the commonplace: it is not too difficult to mould a truism into a profundity by couching it in the right tone. Hardest of all was to complete the set of four. The nearest were D. A. J. S., Hilary and H. J. R. Only Hilary seemed to me to qualify with two bulls and two 'inners' and I award him a first prize of two guineas. Half a guinea to the other starred entries.

Rien n'ébranle plus nos croyances que le spectacle de ceux qui les partagent: le plus grand obstacle à la propagation de la communisme, c'est les communistes mêmes.

Si on rejète tous les projets pour l'amélioration du monde, c'est que les seuls utopies que nous trouvons habitables sont ceux que nous dessinons nous-mêmes.

Dans une démocratie les seuls qu'on élève à la grandeur sont ceux qu'on peut détrôner dans un instant.

Les jeunes gens se croient en colère contre le monde quand ils ne sont que fâchés avec eux-mêmes.

HILARY

the outstanding Lieder singer

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU

with

GERALD MOORE

SCHUMANN

★

LIEDERKREIS Op. 24 and HEINE SONGS

Du bist wie eine Blume; Entflieh mit mir; Es fiel ein Reif; Der arme Peter; Der Hans und die Grete; In meiner Brust; Der arme Peter wankt vorbei; Mein Wagen rollt langsam; Abends am Strand; Die feindlichen Brüder; Belsatzar

ALP 1551 (Available March 7th)

German text and English translations are given on the back of the record cover.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

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You will appreciate the quality of this grand tobacco

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BROAD OR MEDIUM CUT

EXMOOR HUNT

THE MIXTURE OF DISTINCTION

4/5 OUNCE PACKET

8/10 2 OZ. SNAP VAC. TIN

*To those who are for ever clamouring for their freedom nothing is more disconcerting than to receive it.

*We are so ready to condemn the immorality of the young because at heart we envy them their pleasures.

It is prudent to keep a certain distance between oneself and the man who never stops boasting of his peaceful nature.

D. A. J. S.

*Nos grandes villes d'aujourd'hui sont des solitudes peuplées. Il ne leur manque que le plus grand agrément des lieux solitaires – le silence.

La science nous a imposé le régime du divertissement obligatoire. On n'a plus le droit de s'ennuyer.

H. J. R.

*We are always hopeful enough to endure the winnings of others.

DESMOND SKIRROW

*Education is not so much what one has learned as where one learned it.

R. ELSWORTH

*Many exclaim that they have no head for figures, few that they are illiterate.

K. W. HALL

Trust all men – but always cut the cards.

RUSSELL EDWARDS

*When we have grown accustomed to being amused, we find amusing ourselves the hardest task in the world.

G. J. BLUNDELL

Les nations, comme les hommes, sont menées par l'amour-propre plutôt que par l'intérêt; comme il y a des gens qui sont prêts à mourir pour montrer qu'ils ont raison, il y a des nations qui sont prêtes à se détruire pour prouver la supériorité de leur civilisation.

D. J. MORRISON

Public Relations is the tribute bureaucracy pays to hypocrisy.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

*La jeunesse c'est un boiteux qui doit se guérir aussitôt que possible.

La Russie est une église dont le pape et le Saint-Esprit manquent.

H. HARDMAN

City Lights

The Talkies

Industrial production in the United States fell another three points last month to a level 11 per cent. below the 1957 peak. Businessmen are planning to cut expenditure on new plant and equipment by 13 per cent. this year, and some 40 per cent. of consumers are expecting 'bad times'. Unemployment has passed five million and seems still to be rising. Readjustment, recession, depression or slump? Officially, still a recession.

The strain of waiting for tax cuts is beginning to tell on Wall Street. The President keeps on talking about the things he means to do, but he would much prefer not to do anything if he can talk the economy into righting itself; even if he can persuade his supporters that a budget deficit will not lose them their seats in Congress, he has to decide whether the deficit is to come from higher spending on public works or from cuts in taxation. The choice will have to be made mainly on political grounds. Tax cuts work more quickly than a public works programme only if there is no danger of a protracted argument about which taxes ought to be cut, and the lower the incomes relieved from tax, the less the effect on consumer spending. There is stuff here to keep the politicians arguing for months. The one thing on which a majority of them seem to be agreed is that American industry must be protected against foreign competition and that the American government should not spend abroad money which might be helping to stimulate industry at home.

* * *

Germany, the other main creditor country, is engaged in a similar but less heated argument. Although unemployment is high and rising, the general impact of the trade recession has so far been relatively small: export orders are falling off rapidly, but production has fallen only in a few basic industries. Dr Erhard has no intention of stimulating the economy until things become a good deal worse than they are at present. Employers, worried about future profits, are in no mood to concede the wage claims which the unions are pressing vigorously, and there may well be a wave of strikes.

German exports are likely to fall in the course of the next few months, but consumption may rise and domestic orders for new capital equipment have been rising for some months past. Steps have already been taken, moreover, to help business activity – tax changes which have exempted three million people from income tax, an elaborate national pensions scheme, and an increase in military expenditure. The recession promises to be only a mild one which will provide German industry with a useful opportunity to reorganise itself in readiness for capturing the Common Market.

* * *

Companies are still contriving to raise capital without asking permission from the Capital Issues Committee. Whitbread has gone about it in the most straightforward way possible – taking over another company in exchange for a debenture which is then re-sold for cash to those who want it. Mr Samuel's Land Securities has been more subtle – arranging to market a debenture it had issued to subsidiary companies in exchange for money it already owed them. The effect in both cases is the same as if a debenture had been issued for cash to the public, but in neither case is official permission for the issue needed.

Controls ought to be made to work effectively if they are to exist at all, but it is difficult to work up much real indignation against companies who by-pass this particular one. The CIC, to put it plainly, is something of an ass. Rhodesian Anglo-American, for example, has been anxious to make a rights issue of loan stock, the proceeds of which would help to finance the development of a new copper mine in Northern Rhodesia. The total sum it wished to raise immediately was £4m., of which perhaps half would have come from shareholders in this country. It applied to the CIC for permission to make the issue: the CIC refused to sanction the issue of more than £500,000 loan stock in London and objected to the option arrangements which formed part of the proposal.

It is bad enough to have a Treasury committee attempting to discourage the kind of private investment in the Commonwealth which Treasury spokesmen usually applaud. But this decision is foolish as well as wrong-headed. There is no restriction on the transfer of funds inside the sterling area: even if the CIC bans an issue in London, British investors are perfectly free to subscribe to a similar issue made in Rhodesia or South Africa.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 436. Learning from Past Mistakes

Preferably, of course, from one's own; and while most of us would hardly ever suffer from a shortage of so useful a commodity we can always turn to other people's mistakes for some additional guidance. Take this position (Hänninen-Lindblom) from the recent 'Zonal' at Wageningen. White played (1) K-B3?, R x R; (2) P x R, K-Q2; (3) K-B4, K x P; (4) K-Q5, P-K5; (5) P x P, P x P; (6) K x P, K-Q3; (7) K-B4, K-K3; (8) K-Kt5, K-B2; (9) K-B4, K-B3 and the game was drawn; yet, White could have won it quite easily if, instead of his initial blunder, he had simply played (1) R-R7, relieving Black of his R by the threat of pushing the KtP home. In the same tournament Ivkov (White against Kolarov) blundered grievously in this position. /5rk1/1q3rpp/4Q3/1p6/2pB4/3bP3/PP4PP/R3R1K1/. After (1) P-QR4?, P x P; (2) R x P?? Black could force the win at once by . . . Q-Q2!!.

R & P endings, of course, may well be unfathomable even for grandmasters; hence, both Ivkov and his second, Karaklajic, may be excused for considering this adjourned position a draw (having spent half the night analysing it). /8/5p2/5pk1/7p/P4R1P/6P1/5PK1/r7/. Yet, Szabo managed to find a forced win.

(44) K-B3, R-K8; (45) R-K4, R-QR8; (46) K-K3, R-R6 ch; (47) K-Q2, R-R7 ch; (48) K-B3, R x BP; (49) P-R5, R-QR7; (50) K-Kt4, K-B4; (51) R-B4 ch, K-K4; (52) K-Kt5, R-R6; (53) P-R6, R x KtP; (54) R-R4, R-Kt1; (55) P-R7, R-QR1; (56) K-Kt6, P-B4; (57) K-Kt7, R x P ch; (58) K x R, P-B5; (59) R-R5 ch, K-K5; (60) R x P P-B4; (61) R-Kt5, P-B6; (62) R-Kt1, P-B7; (63) R-KB1, K-K6; (64) P-R5, K-K7; (65) R x P ch, K x R; (66) P-R6, P-B5; (67) P-R7, resigns.

Here's another case of a R & P ending and of a draw (wisely) refused during adjournment. /8/p5kp/6p1/1p1p1rP1/2pPrP2/4PR2/PP4K1/4R3/. The position arose in the 1957 German championship, and Dr Tröger, the ultimate winner of the game (and the title) had sealed (42) . . . R-K3.

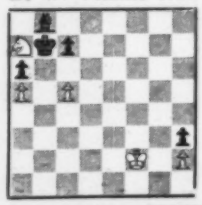
(43) R-B2, R-B2; (44) K-B3, R(2)-K2; (45) R-QB2, P-Kt5; (46) P-Kt3?, P-B6; (47) P-R4, P-QR4; (48) R-KR2!, R-QB2; (49) R-QB1, R-K5; (50) R(1)-KR1, K-Kt1; (51) R-QB1, R(2)-K2; (52) R-K2, R-K1!; (53) R-KR1, R-QB1; (54) R-QB1, K-Kt2!; (55) R-KR1, R(1)-K1; (56) R-QB1 (forced), R-KR1 [Now Black will be able to push the RP]; (57) R-KR1, P-R4; (58) P x P e.p. (forced), R x P; (59) R x R, K x R; (60) R-KKt2! [threatening R-Kt5 and in due time P-K4], R-K3!

[Parrying the threat on the strength of his passed P]; (61) K-K2 R-KB3! (62) K-Q3, R-B4; (63) P-K4?, R x P; (64) P x P, R-B1; (65) K-K4? (R-Kt1!), R-K1 ch; (66) K-B4, K-Kt2; (67) P-Q6, K-B3; (68) P-Q5!, R-K4!; (69) R x P ch, K x R; (70) K x R, K-B2; (71) Resigns.

A: van Seters 1957

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which White forced a win by one crafty move. **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, rate 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 31 March.

B: W. Vollmer 1950



C: L Kubbel 1929

REPORT on No. 433. Set 1 March

A: (1) P-Q5, Q-K5 ch; (2) K-R1, Q x P??; (3) R x P ch!!, Kt x R; (4) B-Kt2 ch, P-K4; (5) Q x Q etc.

B: (1) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; (2) Kt-B6, P-Q4 ch; (3) K x P! (Kt xP?), Kt-B5 ch; (4) K-B6!, R x R; (5) P x R ch, K x P; (6) Kt-Q7!, B-R2; (7) Kt-Kt6!!, B-Kt1; (8) Kt-Q7 etc.

C: (1) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt1; (2) P=Q, P=Q ch; (3) Q x Q, P-K7 ch!; (4) Q x P!, B-R3; (5) Q-Kt5! etc.

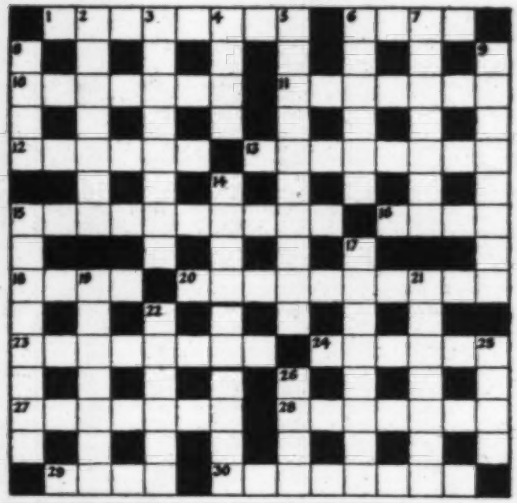
(4) K x P? would give Black the draw by . . . B-Kt5 ch etc.

Some stumped by **B** and/or **C**, but about a score of flawless solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, J. W. Ecelson, B. Katz, J. R. Harman, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 295

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 295, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 1 April.



ACROSS

1. School at which the sneak is finished? (8).
6. Head publisher (4).
10. So-called mixture of man and lion (7).
11. Set one's course east in the desert erratically (7).
12. Just the publisher to take our breath away (6).
13. The river caught the woman nicely (8).
15. Born to be without food: it's material to write on (10).
16. Decapitated stingers are stingers still (4).
18. Observe in the notes Pythagoras wrote (4).
20. Fortress for Patience to defend (10).
23. The fop does not quite appear with his collar in scurf (8).
24. Pushes a number into footwear (6).
27. Heart-broken about a first-class girl friend (7).
28. Did the housework and got scorched (7).
29. 'The —— is full of noises' (*The Tempest*) (4).
30. The artist is evidently not a water-diviner (8).

DOWN

2. Country which has a song about its people (7).
3. The state has to know about food to start with (8).
4. Farewell to a geographical feature (4).
5. Plant has a vacation before school (10).
6. The girl goes in to call for the fruit (6).
7. The hero puts school before us (7).
8. Seasonable author for winter reading (4).
9. Treated as a hero although I did lose sporadically (8).
14. Means of protection provided by covering letters? (4, 2, 4).
15. The distances across are a little too much for irregular bathers (8).
17. Intellectuals give encouragement to schoolmasters (8).
19. The gods had their food in small enclosures (7).
21. The head has poetry from former pupils (7).
22. It sounds like the sailors for the voyage (6).
25. Pretentious air for a team (4).
26. If you put a boy up after this examination it would be a disgrace (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 293

C	A	S	I	N	O	■	S	H	A	M	R	O	C	K
O	■	H	■	A	■	F	■	O	■	I	■	B	■	E
C	H	E	A	P	S	I	D	E	■	S	H	E	E	N
K	■	D	■	L	■	N	■	L	■	S	■	D	■	N
S	U	S	P	E	N	D	S	■	S	T	R	I	K	E
U	■	■	S	■	L	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	T	■
R	A	C	K	■	G	A	L	A	N	T	I	N	E	■
E	■	H	■	M	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	C	■	I
■	C	A	T	A	L	E	P	S	Y	■	M	E	A	N
N	■	T	■	R	■	A	■	M	■	■	■	■	■	V
U	N	T	I	D	Y	■	A	N	N	A	M	I	T	E
M	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	D	■	L	■	V	■	N
B	A	R	R	A	■	D	A	R	W	I	N	I	S	T
E	■	E	■	C	■	E	■	A	■	C	■	E	■	E
R	E	D	S	K	I	N	S	■	W	E	L	D	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 293

Dr John Upton (Edinburgh 3), H. G. Bray (Birmingham 17), C. J. L. Elwell (London W2)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
APPOINTMENT OF PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT

Applications are invited from men and women with a good Honours Degree and teaching experience for the post of PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT which has become vacant on the promotion of the existing Assistant. The person appointed will need to have a keen interest in educational administration and development. Administrative experience is desirable but not essential. In the first instance the Assistant will be concerned mainly with secondary education. The salary will be within the range £1,180-£1,380, together with appropriate car and subsistence allowance.

Applications (no forms issued), giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach me within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

V. CLARK,
Chief Education Officer.

County Hall,
BEVERLEY.

CITY OF LEEDS EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Leeds College of Art

Principal: Eric Taylor, RE, ARCA

Graphic Design Section of the School of Design

Required as soon as possible, a Lecturer in Typographic Design to teach Lettering, Layout and Graphic Design subjects up to National Diploma Special level.

Candidates should have had good agency experience, preferably in London. ARCA or other appropriate qualification and teaching experience will be additional recommendations.

Salary—Burnham Technical Scales for Lecturers, £1,200 × £30 – £1,350 (man), £960 × £24 – £1,080 and equal pay instalments (woman).

Application forms and further particulars from the undersigned. Closing date 16 April, 1958.

GEORGE TAYLOR,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Department, Leeds, 1.

A STAFF Trainer required by The John Lewis Partnership. Previous experience should include two years spent either in teaching or in retail trade. This work should prove attractive to anyone with a lively interest in people, and in the application of modern teaching methods in department stores; this post also offers an opportunity to join an organisation whose purpose is the fairest possible sharing of all the advantages of ownership (including profit-sharing). Starting pay not less than £700 a year. Non-contributory pension scheme. Good holidays. Women between the ages of 25-40, who would be interested, should write, giving full particulars, to Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford St, W1. Letters should be received before the Easter holiday and those selected for interview will hear before 19 April.

GRAD. teacher of Engl. with exper. of Cambs. Lower & Prof. Certs. wtd from April. Full- or part-time. Box 9101.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Federation of the West Indies. Applications are invited for the post of Economist on the Establishment of the Federal Government of The West Indies. Salary £1,850 per annum. The post will eventually be pensionable on the Federal Establishment. Selected candidate would be required to serve at Headquarters in Trinidad and in any of the territories forming the Federation. Free passages provided on first appointment and termination for officer and family up to five persons in all. Leave at the rate of 45 days a year. Leave passages up to three adult passages after tour of two and a half years. Accommodation provided at 10 per cent of salary, plus furniture at approximately 5 per cent of cost per annum. The Economist will work under the direction of the Senior Economist, Economic Planning Division. He will be required to assist in a programme of collating data and of economic assessment of the Federal Area in order that studies can be completed on which economic planning can be formulated. Qualifications required are an Honours or Research Degree in economics and at least two years' experience in the field of applied economics, i.e. in economic planning organisation or department of finance or trade and production or comparable experience elsewhere in economic research investigation, in particular of field surveys of a practical nature. Applications, giving age and particulars of qualifications and experience, together with names of two personal referees, should be submitted before 5 April 1958 to the Federal Secretary, 'Whitehall', 29 Maraval Road, Port of Spain, Trinidad, The West Indies, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Candidates who have already submitted applications for this appointment need not re-apply. One copy of application to Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, SW1, quoting BCD 123/500/02.

BBC requires Assistant News Editor, Scotland. Duties include supervision of preparation of News stories for, and production of, Television and Sound News bulletins and News Topicality programmes within the scope of News Department. The work demands ability to assess a visual story, to write factual material for use with film sequences and to brief cameramen. Professional reporting and sub-editorial experience, knowledge of sport and wide knowledge of Scotland and Scottish affairs essential. Holder of post will act as deputy to News Editor and must, therefore, be capable of taking full editorial and administrative responsibility for News Department when necessary. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,930 p.a. max. If no fully qualified candidate available, initial appointment may be at a lower grade. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.554 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for the appointment of Lecturer in English Language and Literature from September 1958. Good Honours Degree and teaching experience required. Further particulars from the Secretary, to whom applns should be sent by 31 March.

MADRID – Mangold Institute requires Inspector-Supervisor for 80 English, French, German teachers. Age: 30-50. Three years' contract. Essential: experience, personality, modern teaching methods, phonetics, Spanish. Curriculum vitæ and testimonials to Director.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Chinese Programme Organiser (British Subject) in Far Eastern Service. Duties involve supervision of British and Chinese programme staff, planning and production of programmes for broadcasting in Kuoyu and Cantonese, including preparation in English of news bulletins, talks and other programmes for translation into Kuoyu and Cantonese. Essential qualifications: editorial ability, administrative experience, knowledge of and interest in world affairs in general and affairs of Far East and China in particular, experience in working with Chinese nationals and/or Overseas Chinese. Desirable qualifications: knowledge of written Chinese, residence or travel in China and among Overseas Chinese communities, broadcasting and writing experience, good academic background. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.558 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Committee. Psychotherapist (full- or part-time) req. at Edmonton & Enfield Child Guidance Centre, 'Garvary', Dryden Rd, Bush Hill Park, Enfield. Membership of Association of Child Psychotherapists with Honours degree in psychology, or equivalent, recognised training &/or exper. in therapy essential. Salary £1,150 – £1,400 (male) or £1,094 6s. – £1,319 9s. (female). Prescribed conditions. Application forms (stmpd add. env.) from Chief Education Officer (Ref. G.P.), 10 Great George St, SW1. (Quote X.128, N.S. & N.) Canvassing disqualifies.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than 12 April, 1958, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

AUSTRALIA – University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Social Worker in the Remedial Education Centre. The applicant should have University qualifications as a Social Worker and experience in social work. Experience with children in some branch of an education service or in play therapy would be an added qualification. Salary £A1,300/£A1,750 per annum. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in London on Australia on 26 April, 1958.

WANTED, 6 months at least, May onwards, qualified experienced man to plan and carry out reconstruction of house and farm buildings for school (also supervise labour). South Scotland. Box 9153.

WARDEN required for Hostel for Blind Physiotherapy Students in London. Would consider married couple, possibly retired man with energetic wife undertaking household management. Candidates must have had good experience of this type of work, but not necessarily with blind people. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply in writing, giving full particulars, to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Botanic Gardens, Kew: Assistant Director, Pensionable post for 1st or 2nd Class honours science graduate (man or woman) with administrative experience. Natural sciences preferred; editorial experience and knowledge of overseas conditions desirable. Salary (man) £2,100-£2,400. Official residence. Write Civil Service Commission, 30 Old Burlington St, London, W.1, for application form, quoting S 4825/58. Closing date 10 April 1958.

WORKERS' Educational Association Yorkshire North District. Organising Tutor required for the central part of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Salary scale £650 × £50 – £1,200. Starting salary according to age, qualifications, etc. Superannuation scheme. Applicants should be graduates with organising ability and able to conduct classes in one or more of the subjects appropriate to liberal adult education. Further details and application form from G. F. Sedgwick, Blenheim Institute, Blackman Lane, Leeds, 2.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Education Committee, Alnwick Training College for Women. Applications are invited from women with training and experience for the post of Resident Senior Domestic Bursar, to be responsible for catering and household management. Salary scale £590 by £20 to £670 less £130 a year for board residence. An additional £30 a year is payable to persons holding an approved qualification. The post is superannuable. Applications should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal, The Training College, The Castle, Alnwick, Northumberland, stating age, qualifications, experience and the names of two persons to whom reference may be made.

ASSISTANT Organiser Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council. Appointment to be made in accordance with the terms of the National Agreement. Commencing salary £525 per annum. Application forms to be obtained from W. G. White, Secretary/Agent, Norwich Labour Party and Industrial Council, 59 Bethel Street, Norwich, to whom they must be returned by 29 March 1958.

ROYAL Hospital, Wolverhampton. Lay Research Assistant required for Twin Survey. Salary £564 p.a. plus travelling allowance. Applications to Dr. A. G. Marshall.

YOUTH Work. Field Organiser for Glasgow area, woman, full time. Specialised knowledge of at least one branch; some experience work in mixed clubs. Salary in region of £500. Applications giving details of exper., qualifics, skills, etc. Box 9040.

MADRID – Mangold Institute, Spain's leading language centre, requires for Sept./Oct. 1958, Teachers of English with knowledge of Spanish. Minimum age 25; teaching experience essential.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 8953.

EDUCATED Women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad St Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PROFESSIONAL librarians required for regional library, serving population of 85,000; with circulation in 1957 of 465,000. Persons with Bachelor's degree plus ALA or FLA preferred. Current starting salary $3,000.00-$3,480.00 per annum, rising to $4,200.00. Please write airgraph to the Regional Librarian, Vancouver Island Regional Library, Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada.

QUALIFIED caseworker required to assist in progressive casework department recognised for student training. Staff seminars and consultation available. Salary AG & FCW scales. Details from: Gen. Sec., Leeds Council of Social Service, 6 Church Row, Leeds, 2.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Mistress (pref. Froebel) for Junior school, wanted in May or Sept.

IMMEDIATE vacancies, full and part-time, for male graduates to teach English to foreign Nationals in large Central London School. Apply Box 9152.

TYPIST Assistant in Research Department reqd in prominent Trade Union Office. Must have knowledge in current political affairs and of Trade Union Activities. Write, in confidence, giving experience in this field. Salary £12 per week progressive. Box 9149.

SHORTHAND-Typist/Secretary for general office responsibilities, interesting political work. 5-day week, 3 weeks' paid holiday. £8 10s. to £9 according to exper. Box 9144.

SECRETARY, 23-25, intell., Advertising Agcy, W1. Sal. to 10 gns. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

WORLD University Service, British Committee invites applications for post of Secretary in Hungarian Students Resettlement Department. Graduate preferred with administrative ability; experience of student welfare work and familiarity with Higher Educational system an advantage. Salary £550-£700 according to experience. Apply at once to Gen. Sec., WUS, 59 Gloucester Place, W1.

INTELLIGENT woman wanted for part-time work – 3 or more days a week. Graduate in political science or history preferred. Experience of research and/or library work desirable. Applications in writing, stating experience, qualifics etc., to Box 9066.

RECEPTIONIST/typist for School of Languages. Full time or afternoon. Write St. Giles' School, 64 Oxford St, W1.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Trade Union office in West End. 5-day week in operation. Salary £9 15s. per week. Interested applicants write to ACTT, 2 Soho Square, W1, for interview.

GERMAN Shorthand-typist, with knowledge of good English, required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Five-day week, good salary. Apply Box 9081.

RONALD Duncan requires a secretary. Apply 1 Orme Lane, W2.

WEST End Art Gallery requires young lady as receptionist. Please state salary required. Box 9072.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone REG. 7571.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

VERSATILE male, now teaching Gen. Subs, Prep. Sch. sks change. Wld cons. woodwk./maint., etc., if cott./ft. B.Sc. wife wld. tch p.-t. Maths, Geog. if reqd. Box 8874.

BOOKKEEPER, 32, seeks post, non-commercial organisn. Com. Easter. Box 8932.

EXPERIENCED grad. secretary seeks interesting post 2 mnths, Lon. Box 9093.

EDUCATED, travelled young lady (21), fluent Spanish, French, drive, type, thorough knowledge music, good appearance, anything considered. Highest refs. Box 9159.

PART-time secretarial work required. Handle correspondence own initiative. Newspaper or magazine preferred. Box 9158.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Edward Wilshaw Post-graduate Exhibition. One Exhibition, of the order of £200, but the amount to be determined in each case by the applicant's merits and circumstances, will be offered each year from a fund founded by Sir Edward Wilshaw, KCMG, DL, LLD, FCIS, JP. The Exhibition is open to graduates of this and other Universities who wish to prepare themselves for careers in business administration and management and who propose to read for the Graduate's Commerce Diploma in business administration. Applications (two copies) including the names of two referees, should be sent by 14 June 1958 to Registrar, The University, Birmingham 15.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS—continued

THE University of Birmingham. The University will offer a number of Scholarships, value £245-£310, to graduates and to those expected to graduate this summer who wish to read for higher degrees in the Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. There will be opportunities for advanced study and training in research in all the main departments of the Faculty and in subjects common to more than one department. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, to whom applications should be sent before 14 June, 1958.

BISHOP'S Stortford College, Herts. Examinations for the award of open Scholarships between value of £200 and £40 and of a major Scholarship for sons of Free Church Ministers and Missionaries will be held on 29 and 30 May 1958. For boys under 12 on 1 September, 1958, English, Arithmetic and interview; for boys under 14, usual papers. For particulars apply to the Headmaster.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual Entrance Scholarships and an Exhibition available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to the Secretary, Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden Street, Kensington, W8, before the end of March.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

NEAR Highgate tube. Single bed-sit., sink geyser, cooker, all facs. MOU. 4680.

LONDON: Contemp. house, kit. bath, etc., sleep 4, 10 mins. West End, vacant 5-25 Sept. 9 gns. weekly. Box 9079.

REALLY capable Secretary, experienced Solicitor's work – mainly Conveyancing – offered accommodation on premises as part wages. Liveable bed/sit., k. & b. Nr Ilford. Write full details age, exp. and full salary required. Job available even if accommodation not required. Box 8910.

30 mins. Leicester Sq. B/sit., h. & c., electric fire & cooker. Rent £2 10s. p.w. Gentleman. TUDor 0651 after 6.30 p.m.

ATTR. fully furn. two-room flat, share bath. Prof. house close Parliament Hill Fields, 20 mins Town. GUL. 1758.

CONGENIAL atmosphere music/lit. ints. sgl. rm. £3; & sml. 1-rm. flatlet (no sep. kit.) nr Baker St. 67s. 6d. HAM. 8109.

ELIZABETH St, SW1. Furnished maisonette suitable for 2 or 3 persons avail. 1 April—3 months or longer. Reas. charge. SLO. 1795 before 11.30 a.m. Sat. or Sunday.

FURN. two rooms, kit., use bath, Elgin Ave, W9. Long let, responsible tenant. No petty restrictions. HAM. 0720.

HAMPSTEAD, Nr. Finchley Rd. tube/buses. 2 well furn. rooms in priv. flat, 5 gns. p.w. Phone HAM. 7258.

W6. Small flat, dble bed. Fully furnished, frig., etc. 2 only. £4. Box 9107.

PUTNEY. Very attract., large, well-furn. B/S. in house by river close Stn. Kit. avail. VAN. 5683 evgs or Box 9147.

ACCOM. with partial board available. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

HIGHGATE. Attractive furn. flat, 5 gns. p.w. Suit 2 bus people. MOU. 3676.

BEAUT. spacious flat, well furn./decorated, 6 rooms. Until Oct. MAI. 5317.

TWO attractive single flatlets, 1 newly dec. with h. & c., ckg. facs. £3 & £2 15s each. TUD. 0516.

WELL-furn. div.-rm, use tel., bath, ckg facs. Gentleman only. 45s. MAI. 1093.

BASEMENT flat, furn., under surgery, W2. Two rooms, kit., bathroom. Suitable couple. Doctor preferred. 7 gns. Box 9167.

FURNISHED flat – large bed-sit. room and kit./dining room. TUD. 2623.

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

N. DEVON coast. Country house by sea, double furnished flatlets. Vacancies during August. Write brochure, s.a.e. Duncan, Welcombe, Nr. Bideford.

CORNWALL Marazion overlkg Michael's Mount, flat s/c, equipd 5, nr buses, sands. Before May, after Sept. Also studio flatlet equipd 2, after Easter. S.a.e. Box 9164.

NORFOLK Coast, rural position, private sandy beach, all-electric accom. four or eight persons. 89 King St, Norwich.

SNOWDONIA nr. Lake Padarn (Emp. Games Rowing July), Furn. Cot., garage, mains, el. Apr. 5 July 10 gns. wk. Box 8933.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

ARCHITECTURAL student (fem.) needs room, cooking facs., fur. or unfur., Mon. to Fri. in term time only. Box 8920.

WARM Flat wanted near any Central London Line Station between Tott. Ct. Rd. and Lpool St. by middle-aged professional couple. Rental up to £300 p.a. incl. or will consider purchase. Box 8746.

WANTED, S/C furn. flat for 2-3 wks. after Easter, London district. NW pref. Own tel. Careful tenant. Box 9061

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

WANTED, Summer rental, furnished flat. Harvard professor wishes 2½-3 bedroom sub-let, 25 June-1 September, near centre of London. Simplicity preferred. Beer, 87 Lakeview Ave, Cambridge, Mass., USA.

FRHS compulsorily purchased would garden p/t in exch unf cottage or full-time by agreement. BM/JBBC, London, WC1.

WOMAN journalist (31), 2 school-age daughters, 'home-trained', seeks furn./unf. accom. Bayswater/Kens. area. Box 9142.

COUPLE req. quiet furn. cottage, 11-23 August, far from mad crowds. Box 9021.

2 YNG. prof. girls wish share flat with 1 or 2. Kens. or Hampstead. Box 8934.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

OFFICE accommodation in premises listed as of historical or architectural interest, available 25 March at nominal office subscription to progressive non-commercial organisations. Three rooms – 170 sq. ft £40 qtr, 240 sq. ft £65 qtr (special conditions), 240 sq. ft £65 qtr, together or separately. Write Sec., RCC, (or apply Room 12), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

HEBRIDES. Island of Barra, furn. cottage to let May to Sept. Box 9148.

LAKE Dist. Seatoller. Hol. cottage, 3 bedr., bath., 5-7 gns. p.w. Easter and some weeks in June, July, Sept. Box 9114.

CONNEMARA Cottage avail. first half August. £4 p.w. Sleeps 4. Box 9140.

CORSHAM, 4 m. Chippenham, 9 m. Bath, in Cotswold country. Three residential studios to let unfurnished; recent conversion. 2 bed, bath, w.c., large studio and kitchenette in each. Main electricity, gas, water. Garages & small gardens. Very quiet but unsuitable young children. Apply Corsham Estates, 15 St Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

SOCIALIST Medical Association, owing to expiry of lease seeks accessible office accom. abt 300 sq. ft. or more if can sub-let. SMA, 86 Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 4962.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND LEASE

FOR sale, well-established, popular Vegetarian Guest House. Going concern. Excellent position, Lake District. 12 bedrooms. Fully, comfortably equipped & furn. Box 9103.

IN suburbs of factory village west of Ireland, number of houses detached beside sea with parcels of land attached. Island also. Oyster banks, fishing. Properties associated with Royal visitors. Box 9092.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery. Nr Blackpool Sands, gd, food, comf. H. & C. bedrooms. Own garden produce, poultry. Vacancies Sept. Misses Watkins. Tel. Stokefleming 231.

COTSWOLDS. Cottage Guest House; exc. centre; good food; 17s. 6d. dly., £5 5s. wkly. (aft. teas extra). Brochure: Tansley, Yew Trees, Cockleford, Cowley, Cheltenham.

HALSECOMBE, Porlock. Country House Hotel for beautiful Somerset coast & Exmoor. Walking, motoring, riding, lazing. Brochure: W. J. Holmes. Tel. 209.

DEVON. Comfort and good food, nr sea. A.A. listed. Higher Peaks, Westward Ho!

PENDINE Sands. Homely comfortable accommodation, beautiful country and coastal scenery, safe bathing. Good table, home produce, 7 gns. Special terms for family party. Tel. Pendine 226. Llethr, Pendine, Carms. No vacancies 26 July to 6 Sept.

COTTAGE on Cumb. Fells. Mod. cons, comf., peace. Hol. guests welc. Box 8755.

SARGEANTS Inn, Eglwyswrw, Pembs, 10 mins. golf, sea, fishing amid beautiful surroundings on main Cardigan-Fishguard road. Apply for terms to Proprietor.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Own produce. Everything home-made. From 6 gns.

BLACK Mountains. Peaceful holiday. Riding. Fishing. Glorious country. Log fires. Olsen, Fforest, Abergavenny, Mon.

CORNWALL, Port Isaac, Carnhaven Guest House. Unobstructed sea view. H. & C., Slumberlands. Excl. food, comf. g'teed. Farm prod. Bus tours daily. 7-8½ gns. Brochure.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanwrst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

KESWICK—Spend your holiday at Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads. Beautiful scenery, unique position, good food. Tel. 508.

RYE Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

PEMBROKESHIRE. Historic house, woods, lakes, own farm, modern amenities, sea near. Lockley, Orielton, Pembroke.

DARTMOOR. Few vacancies for Easter. Lovely house and grounds, good food. S.a.e. Cleave, Belstone, Okehampton.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms, 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

FARM Holidays – 1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses. 900 farms, illustrated, 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

'ATLANTIS' Country House Hotel, Minchinhampton Common, Stroud. Tel. Brimscombe 3211. Overlooking Golden Valley in heart of the Cotswolds. Riding tuition, fishing, golf, licensed club, dancing, television.

PEACE, comfort, good food, small Quaker 17th Century Guest House, large garden. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

SUN Pines and excellent food in small hotel 2 kilometres from sea. Reduced terms until June. La Colombette, Valescure, St. Raphael, Var.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end off June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

PAUL Czinner's Bolshoi Ballet film, Beryl Grey in Moscow. New Trends in Soviet ballet. End of 'The Provinces' in Soviet theatre. And 1958 calendar of cultural events, travel to USSR, state of cultural relations, press comment on Graphic Art Exhibition, etc. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. XIX, No. 1. 2s. 6d. post free 2s. 10d. from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq, London, W8.

'THE Linguist,' the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes 'Typical Conversations' in seven languages, 'Pages for Practice,' 'Translator's Commentary,' articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

HOLIDAYS Abroad? Maps, guides & 'Interpret' Holiday Language Courses from Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd, 10 Bayley St, WC1.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

LIBERALS are in the news. The Pall Mall Quarterly, the new journal of international liberal thought, makes its first appearance this week. Single copies 3s. 6d. (post free 4s.). Annually (4 issues) 16s. post free. From your newsagent or bookseller, or from The Pall Mall Press, Ltd, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

LONELINESS, a report on a very human problem, by Armand Georgés. Free copy of pamphlet for stamped addressed envelope from 1005 Romford Rd, London, E12.

ANSWER: 'Encore' (of course!) said H. Hobson (S. Times 16.3.58). Free specimen copy from Dept. N, 25 Howland St, W1.

FOOD AND DRINK

SAY – Cheese! Moie Charles and Shelagh Fraser's gay and attractive guide to the famous British cheeses includes history, hints on cooking, recipes, and seasonal menus incorporating cheeses and wines. At all bookshops – 6s. 6d. net. Chatto & Windus, Ltd.

DELICIOUS Indian Curries, brianis & pulsos at Gaylord Restaurant, nr. Playhouse Cin. Constantine Rd, NW3. GUL. 3109.

BURGESS: persons knowing the whereabouts of Burgess Anchovy Paste will benefit fully from further investigations.

THE Sheik who shrieked 'Rayner's Mango Chutney is delicious' was quite right, you know – from all good grocers.

KEEP a good cellar, and you enjoy the esteem of your friends. Keep a supply of El Cid Amontillado, and you enjoy a good sherry – and collect more friends!

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 392

FRENCH, German, Spanish by the Direct Method in small groups. New Courses begin this month. St Giles' School of Languages, 147 Oxford Street. GER. 1460.

ITALIAN, French, Germ. (Rome Univ., Sorbonne, Heidelberg). Easy holiday syll. also coach up to Univ. entr. HAM. 7322.

LATIN and Eng. Lang./Lit. Oxford BA coaches privately W1. Box 9098.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for GCE, Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, MA, LLD, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LONDON University and other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for London Univ. General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), & higher exams. for Degrees. General Certificate (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Law. Private Study Courses in Sociology, Languages, etc. Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. English for Foreign Students. Day & Evg classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1A Harrington Rd, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Lechetitzky Method – Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

GALEWSKA. Piano lessons, Speed, memory artistry attnable any age. PRI. 2979.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

CAMBRIDGE INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
Director: W. O. Bell, MA
A RESIDENTIAL COURSE
RE-ASSESSMENT

A review of current trends in Education
SELWYN COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
10-19 AUGUST 1958.

Lecturers will include: A. N. Gilkes, Eric Gillett, Christopher Hollis, Nathan Isaacs, A. D. C. Peterson, E. L. Russell and W. O. Bell.

Full particulars may be had from the Secretary, Cambridge Institute of Education, 2 Brookside, Cambridge.

WEEK-END Residential Course, 11-13 April, on Problems of New Nations: India, Africa, Burma, Malaya. Distinguished speakers include Lord Hailey. Fee £3 3s. The Warden, Dillington House, College for Adult Education, Ilminster, Somerset.

EASTER School of Landscape Painting, 5 to 12 April. Painters, professional and amateur, welcomed. Tutor Miss M. A. Spurrier, ATD, FRSA. Residence and tuition 10 gns. Inquiries: Adlestrop Park, near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for new handlist of courses & holiday schools. Mar.-Sept. 1958.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3319.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE, Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Pelican History Art, 10 volumes, mint condition; London Library Catalogues, nine vols., excellent condition, £40 o.n.o.; Keesing's Archives, July '37-Jan. '46, also 1956, second-hand, reasonable; Spanish (Hispanoamerica) Linguaphone, new, £10; Wenka 35mm Schneider Xenar 2.8, new, £30 (cost £63); 35mm, 3.5 enlarger, £10; Weston meter, £5; Russian Linguaphone course, perfect, £10 or nearest, also Efk 15s., Hausa 15s.; Bunks, £2.

WANTED: French Linguaphone.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

PERSONAL

GROUP exchanges Germany (South) and also p.g. accom. for Austrian boys or girls ages 14-20. Applic. urgently invited from families London/Home Counties. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, SW7.

PERSONAL—continued

W. GERMAN High Sch. boy stud. (18) wishes spend fortnight with Eng. family from end July. P.g. or exch. basis. Box 9087.

MOTHER, two children, offers share of Riviera villa, June. Box 9086.

ITALIAN girl seeks accommodation in exchange baby-sitting. Box 9116.

YACHTS. Young man professional standards will instruct/take charge/navigate/bring back your boat from abroad. Available any two weeks April. Box 9031.

£100 Pocket money plus food and tent accom. given to capable young man (must be able to swim, drive, organise) free from May-October incl. for interesting open-air holiday occup. Box 9025.

LARGE furn. s/c flat, Wimbledon, rent free for housework and cooking. Box 9160.

CO-Driver (f) wanted by lady (45) going to Italy abt. 1/5 for 3-6 weeks. Box 9039.

PARTNER abt £4,000 wtd share profitable property investment. London. Box 9137.

LADY wishing entire change clerical jobs seeks work where imagination, patience, artistic sense apprec. Willing tackle original assignments, shopping, etc. & likes meeting people. London distr. pref. Box 9126.

YOUNG bachelor seeks share in flat (London) with another similar. Box 9163.

COUPLE sks. to share expenses car going Venice/Jugosl. 28 June. Box 8882.

YOUNG man (23) seeks companion (m.) for Easter away from the city. Box 9108.

HOLIDAY Guests & Students received in cultured home of English teacher North West London. Full or partial board, tuition if reqd. Moderate terms. Box 9054.

BACH. 30, fed up living alone, sks similar to find/share flat London. Box 9056.

COTTAGE in woodland setting, Bucks., to let for whole of August. Sleep 6. Fully furn., elect., mod. sanitation. £30. Box 9057.

YNG. man, 28, seeks companion (m) to share flat. Pref. N. or W. Box 9099.

GERMAN students (aged 15-26) would like en famille accom. as p.g.s, two weeks or more. Box 9121.

2 BACHELORS seek third, share driving to and/or from Italy, July. Box 9100.

YNG man sks companions intd cycling, rambling Easter/holidays. Box 8831.

ENGLISH Colonial on holiday age 38, m. with car req. companion (m.) 20's or 30's for econ. motoring & walking tour 2/3 wks in May. Interests motoring, etc. Box 8935.

ATTENTION. Persons going abroad this year—would you like to share your car, or share a car – on a 'Share the Cost' basis? S.A.E. for brochure to Carsharers, 35 Park View, New Malden, Surrey.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Information from Ethical Union. Box 6574.

QUESTION: What is the most exciting, unbalanced, argumentative, and worth reading of English dramatic magazines? And who said so? See 'Books and Pubs'.

LET me trace your ancestry. Genealogical research all kinds. Terms mod. Box 8756.

WRITER'S research, teaching foreigners English, Publisher's reading, or any intelligent work possible at home or occas. hours London, reqd by B.A. mother. Box 8989.

FRENCH conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

CULTURED accent; correct speech, private lessons (1 hr 10s. 6d.). Box 9000.

FOR a few days more you can see some of the photographs which, Lotte Lehmann wrote me, are very good, at the St Marylebone Public Library, Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, NW8.

PROFESSIONAL Author, Honours Graduate, familiar with specialist libraries, can take more abstracting and bibliographic work during the summer. History, economics, sociology, technical. Rewriting and preparation for publication. Confidential. Box 9049.

INFORMAL Music and Conversation Group. Discussions on subjects of gen. interest. Mrs Dunn, HAM. 8109, evgs or wkends.

INCOME Tax matters attended to, books written up monthly, quarterly, annually, and accounts prepared. L. W. Jones, 15, Nassington Rd, London, NW3. HAM. 6666.

PARENTS! What about your child's French? A Junior Tourist learns it while sailing, swimming, playing tennis. All this and everything else your son or daughter enjoys doing is offered by first-class French families. We arrange the paying-guest holiday of a lifetime. Apply for further details to : Junior Tourism, 47 Redington Road, London, NW3. Telephone Hampstead 0869.

HIGHEST Prices paid for Gramophone Records of Golden-Age Singers, Alban, Maurel, Theodorini, Litvinne, Sobrino, etc., on the following makes – Gramophone Co., Odeon, Fonotipia, Zonophone. We also buy your unwanted 78 r.p.m. Orchestral and Instrumental. International Collectors Agency Ltd, 20 Newport Crt, Lond., WC2. GER 8589. World-famous specialists in rare records.

PERSONAL—continued

MADAM Stiles-Allen reqs studio/room with piano, London. Saturdays. STO. 7272.

IF you are contemplating spending pounds on a car you might well precede it (them) by spending 5s. on our Brief 'Buying a Car' for a few pages of commonsense advice. There is nothing original or profound about our Brief 'Interview Technique' – for job-changers. Same price, same idea. Write to: Briefing Services, Ltd., 32-34 Rupert St, London, W1.

YOUR Writing Success begins with 'Know-How'. Free year's subscription to Britain's foremost magazine for Writers. Send for Free N.3. 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees tuition. B. A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

PASSPORT photos in 10 mins. 449 Oxford St, W1. Opp. Selfridges. MAY. 8540.

VITAL Community meets to explore and promote progressive ideas in a pleasant and friendly atmosphere. Write Sec. (D), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

IF you have oil firing, it will pay to obtain our bulk oil prices, and 12-hour service. Box 8893.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 9172.

TALENTED Playwrights consult S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover St, W1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

BED-WETTING can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15 % of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. – The Regent Institute (Dept. E./191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

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DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

PLANNED Family requisites, belts, trusses, etc. Free postal service. Send s.a.e. for list to The Surgical Store, 10a Dartmouth Road, London, SE23.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

MADEIRA HOLIDAY
AT NEW LOW FARE
From 18 April only £59 return by Aquila (mid-July to mid-Sept. £61). An island holiday with scenery of unforgettable grandeur, bathing, boating, swimming, fishing. Excellent food and wine. Madeira is different!

ITALIAN RIVIERA
The only direct air service to the coast (SANTA MARGHERITA) every Sat. from 17 May. Sat. & Sun from 21 June. Full details from your Travel Agent or

AQUILA AIRWAYS
62 Brompton Road, London, SW3.
Telephone: KENsington 4567.

EASTER HOLIDAYS
You can still be included in some of our Easter parties in Britain (Sussex, Berkshire, Devon, Channel Islands); an Easter Spring Ski-ing holiday in Austria or Switzerland, or our Easter parties to Paris, Amsterdam, or to Rome and Florence.
ERNA LOW Travel Service, 47 (N5) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

TRAVEL Advice. Ind. inform. by world traveller; not an agency; question to B.A.C.E., Apptd. 115, Coimbra, Portugal.

ITALY. Wonderful holiday Miramare Rimini, Hotel Impero. Excel. cuisine, own beach, reas. EUS. 6846, CUN. 9379 after 5.30.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

A STRAW HUT ON THE SHORES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

An idyllic open-air holiday with water ski-ing and aqualung diving at Palinuro in Southern Italy – Rome, Capri, Naples and Sicily within easy reach.

CLUB MEDITERRANEE,
139 Kensington High Street
(entrance in Wrights Lane)
London, W8. WES. 1517.

ISTANBUL train. Student reduction £21 retn. 6 June, back 13 July. Box 9154.

FAST travel, slow travel; high travel, low travel; all travel – Protravel. 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1. LAN. 3101.

JOIN our Easter Tour to Rome, air/coach, 29 March to 8 April, £39 all in. Summer Tours: by air to Palma, Norway, Vienna. Best value. Helicon Club, 154 Westbourne Grove, W11. (2d. stamp.)

R.A. Services Ltd of 48 Park Road, London, NW1, offer party-type holidays with good company and organised activities (if required) at Ballachulish, Glencoe, for the Western Highlands (charges from £5 15s. weekly), and Hassness, Buttermere, for the Lake District (charges from £9 5s. weekly). Write marking envelope 'Ballachulish' or 'Hassness' for details of walking, mountaineering, fishing and boating possibilities.

FLOATING Hell – Hostel/boating holiday, 6½ gns. Waterway Projects, Ltd, 19 Gt Western Rd, W9.

1958 Air Holidays Costa Brava for 39 guineas. Yugoslav Coast for 46 guineas, Southern Spain tour for 50 guineas. The Tyrol for 37 guineas. All holidays include air travel and a full fortnight abroad. Send p.c. for brochure. Wings Ltd, 48a Baker St, NW1. AMB. 1001.

PROTRAVEL – The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursday). LAN. 3101.

P.S. Prague – Gothic and Baroque Architecture. Harold Ingham has arranged two parties to study the art and architecture of Prague with two coach excursions beyond the city. Charge including all travel, all meals and accommodation in Prague and membership of the Course, 22 days, 44 gns. Other parties in Austria, France, Germany, Greece, Italy, Spain and Switzerland. Write for programme to Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Road, Harrow. HARrow 1040.

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DUPLICATING and Typewriting. MSS plays, reports, etc. The Key Agency, 24 Kensington Church Street, W8. WES. 8835.

DUPLICATING by latest Roneo. Lowest terms. Prompt delivery. Box 9080.

MSS. Theses, etc., expertly and expeditiously typed. Mod. charges. Mettam, 40 Alexandra Road, St Ives, Cornwall.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 3640.

DUPLICATING, Typewriting & all secretarial Services. Circulars prepared and dispatched. Dictation by telephone. Music copying and reproduction. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

PRICES for Typing and Duplicating. We have earned the reputation through many years of experience as being one of the best Typing Agencies in the North. For the discerning persons we are the people to contact. Prices Secretarial Bureau, 26 Corporation St, Manchester, 4 (DEAnsgate 6209).

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FRENCH-English Translator with international organisation, free to accept work. Speedy, accurate, reasonable. Box 8966.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES 5809.

OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA
Week 24-29 March
Embassy Theatre, Peterborough

Mon.	Carmen
Tue.	The Barber of Seville
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thu.	Cav. and Pag.
Fri.	Faust
Sat. (Mat.)	The Barber of Seville
Sat. (evg.)	Carmen

Evenings 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs. at 7.0. Last 4 weeks.

March 24 & 25	The Merry Widow
March 26	La Boheme
March 27	Tosca
March 28	Samson and Delilah
March 29	The Magic Flute

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
Evenings 7.30, Mats Sat. 2.30.

24 March
Solitaire, Miracle in the Gorbals, Daphnis & Chloe.

25 & 29 March
Le Lac des Cygnes.

26 March
Solitaire, Coppelia.

27 March at 8 p.m.
Gala Performance.

28 March
Les Patineurs, Hamlet, Firebird.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 2 April with Aida (in Italian). Rep. incl. La Boheme, Rigoletto, Jenufa, Peter Grimes. Prog. available. Box Office now open.

THEATRES

St Martin's Theatre

Opening Tuesday, 18 March

'THE KIDDERS'

a searching play by

Donald Ogden Stewart.

'TRIUMPH' – Daily Express.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Last wk. Tues/Suns. Evngs 6.30. The Iceman Cometh. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0, S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Greenwood, Lysistrata.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Till March 29. 'Epitaph for George Dillon'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. The Glass Menagerie, by Tennessee Williams.

TOWER. 7.30. 21, 22, 23 (Mems.), 27, 28, 29 Mar. 'Cyrano de Bergerac'. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'The Crucible' by A. Miller. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. 2 addit. perfs. Wed., Thurs. 26, 27. Mems.

CONCERTS

Sat. 29 March, at 8.15
Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room

GOLDBERG VARIATIONS . . BACH
MILLICENT SILVER
(Harpsichord)

9s., 7s., 4s. at Hall (WAT. 3191)

SATURDAY, 22 March at 3 p.m. The Duke's Hall, Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, NW1. The Choristers of Ely Cathedral. The Renaissance Singers, Director: Michael Howard. Arthur Wills – Organ. Requiem (1947) – Duruflé, Missa Papæ Marcelli – Palestrina. Admission by programme 4s. at the door.

CONCERTS—continued

BACH-Mozart Programme. Boyd Neel Orch. (Philomusica of London). Director: Brian Priestman. Soloist: Thurston Dart. Wed. 26 March at 5.45. Tickets 4s. (inc. prog.), Royal Festival Hall. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 23 Mar.: 'The Bachelor Party' (X). From 24 Mar.: Tennessee Williams' 'Baby Doll' (X).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. W/c 23 Mar. J. Mills, J. Spencer, C. Parker, It's great to be young (U), O. Homolka, Top Secret (U).

'PARDESI' (The Foreigner). By popular request repeat exhibition – final – of First Indo-Soviet co-production feature film in Sovcolour & Sovscope, starring Oleg Streezhenov (of 'Forty-First') in title role, with Nargis and P. Kapoor, Direction K. A. Abbas ('Munna' fame) and V. M. Pronin, on Sun. 6 April 1958 at Playhouse, Hampstead (4.30 & 7.30 p.m.). For det. & mem. apply Asian Film Society, 11 Greek St, W1. GER. 0287.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 23 March: Ulanova in The Fountain of Bakhchiserai, Indian Heritage No. 1, Prehistoric Art in South Africa. 30 March: Grèce, Autel des Dieux, Foothold in Antarctica, Indian Heritage No. 2. (375.)

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 22 March, 8-11. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED have reproduced many National & Tate Gallery pictures and many from other collections. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Pictures by Alan Reynolds. Water-Colours by Cheng-Wu Fei. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until 29 March.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Till 19 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Opens 27 March. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St, W1. Paintings from Israel by S. Russotta. First show in England. Also Water Colours by M. Biond.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente—24 New Paintings. Till 3 April. Daily 10-7 incl. Saturdays.

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

PAINTINGS by Leslie Dyer, Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Rd, NW3, 18 Mar.–12 Apr. 9-6 daily ex. Thrs. aftn & Sun.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Later works, Jack B. Yeats. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Paintings & Watercolours; Austin Wright, Sculpture and Drawings.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Peter Peri: Pilgrim's Progress Suite – 18 etchings. 7 Cork St, London, W1. REG. 3660.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Paintings by Patrick Heron, Paul Olds, Derwent Lees. And 'The Abstract Influence 1910-1930'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HEAL'S 1958 Designs. An exhibition of new designs showing the latest trends in furnishing. Write for catalogue. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W1. MUSeum 1666.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

'Jewish Question', Hyman Levy
Monday 24 March 7.30 p.m.

Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2 (off Cambridge Circus).
Beer, spirits, coffee.
Admission 2s. Members 1s.

ALGERIA DAY

PUBLIC MEETING
TUESDAY, 1 APRIL at 7.30 p.m.
CAXTON HALL, Westminster, SW1.

Chairman: Fenner Brockway, MP

Their Excellencies the Ambassadors of Morocco, Tunisia and Libya will be present.

Speakers:
Anthony Wedgwood Benn, MP; Barbara Castle, MP; Cmdr Thomas Fox-Pitt; Hussein Hallak; Thomas Hodgkin.

Organised by the ARAB STUDENTS' UNION, 84 High Street, W8. WES. 0865 in co-operation with Movement for Colonial Freedom and the Afro-Asian Students' Co-ordination Committee

HOWARD League. A. Gould, Governor, H.M. Borstal Latchmere House, on 'The Development of Borstal Allocation'. Caxton Hall, 6.30 p.m. Tues., 25 March.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Lena Jeger, MP, on Cyprus. Wed., 26 March, 7.30, 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s.

COUNCIL for Children's Welfare. Discussion on the Family and the Social Services. 'The Need for a Family Service,' introduced by David Donnison, on Tues., 25 March, at 8 p.m. at The CEA, 164 Shaftesbury Ave. Opp. Saville Theatre.

OXFORD philsophers on Philosophy in the Modern World. A conversation between Geoffrey Warnock and David Pears with Bernard Williams in the chair. St Anne's Society at 57 Dean St, W1, on 25 March, 6.30 p.m.

SPOTLIGHT on Homicide. – Two lectures, at 3 and 5 p.m., on Saturday, 22 March, at Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, SE14, by Dr T. E. James (King's College, London) and Dr J. A. Hobson (Psychiatric Consultant, Middlesex Hospital). Chairman: C. H. Rolph. Admission 1s. per lecture.

'RED Tape & Bureaucracy.' Talk and discussion. Monday, 24 March, 7.45 p.m. 32 Percy Street (Tot. Ct Rd), W1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 29 March at 6 p.m. Commandant Max Vivier (Alliance Française); Un rocher sur la Riviera: Monaco.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 23 March, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. AGM of Members.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Frank Horrabin: Drawing for Newspapers – Fifty Years Development, 23 March, 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

'THE Kingdom of Darkness.' A Robertson, MA. Sun., 11 a.m., 23 March. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts, Sun., 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

OPEN discussion on philosophy, science and religion, with T. S. Gregory in the chair. St Anne's Society at 57 Dean St, W1, on 27 March, 6.30 p.m.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 28 March, 8.30 p.m. Mr. Adriaan van der Veen: 'Dutch Literature'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2.

'LIFE and Literature in Post-War Japan.' Kathleen Nott. Tues., 7.15 p.m., 25 Mar. Conway Discussions, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1.

PACIFIST Universalist Serv. 3.30 Sun. 23 Mar. 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1. Rev. L. J. Bliss 'The Christian and Nuclear War'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

'TANCREDI' by Rossini. Lecture recital by Tem Hammond: excerpts sung in Italian by principals of Sadler's Wells Opera. Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (nr Sadler's Wells). Wed. 26 Mar. 7.30. Free.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Graham Storey: Gerard Manley Hopkins. Chairman Gerard Hopkins. Tuesday, 25 March, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Packaging. Speakers: Michael Farr, F. H. K. Henrion, A. J. Lee, Lawrence Alloway. Thursday, 27 March, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s., members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz. Bruce Turner: Ellington in Decline. Monday, 24 March, 8.15 p.m.

AFRICAN Forum: Brains trust by Labour, Liberal, Conservative parties, March 25, 7 p.m., 32 Percy Street, W1. (Tott. Ct Rd.)

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 26 March, 6.30 sharp: 'Meditation and Therapy', George Blake (formerly Vijjavaddho Bhikkhu). Saturday Group, 29 March, 3 p.m., readings, discussion, tea – open to all. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313. N.B.: premises closed to public 2-9 Apr. incl. Next public lecture Wed. 16 Apr.

BE a Rebel against Tory stagnation and Socialist restrictions. Hear the policy of enterprise and opportunity. Jo Grimond, Ludovic Kennedy speak at Young Liberal Rally, Sat. 22 March, 3 p.m., Church House, Westminster.

PERSONALIST Group. Baroness Von der Heydt on 'Alchemy and Jungian Psychology', Conway Hall, Tues. 25 Mar., 7.30.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 23 March, 'Five Messages'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SHAW Society: Esmé Percy Mem. Reading by Margaret Rawlings; 7 Albemarle St, W1, 28 March, 7 p.m. (memb. or 3s. 6d. in advance from 45 Steeplestone Close, N18; also 25 April; Lord Altrincham).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 21 Mar. 8 p.m. Rok Klopcic: Violin Recital (Brahms, Prokofiev, Bartok). Tues. 25 Mar. 8 p.m. Dr N. Andreev (Cambridge): 'A. M. Remezov' (in Russian). Fri. 28 Mar. 8 p.m. Beryl Grey: 'Dancing at the Bolshoi'.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall. 7.45 p.m. Thurs, 27 Mar. 'Plato's Ideas.' Admission free.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

FILM Conference org. by Progressive League. 'Progressive Cinema'—Free, Captive, Scientific, etc. Week-end 25-27 April at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr Chichester. Speakers include: A. D. Whannel (BFI), Caryl Doncaster (ITV), Peter de Normanville (Scientific Film Award, Venice, 1957), Alex Jacobs. Films and discussion at all sessions. bkgs. with fee (£3 15s. inc.) to Philip Soper, 405 Russell Court, WC1. No single rooms.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture, Selection Board examination for admission to years other than the first in September 1958 will be held on 5 May. Last date for applications: 1 April. Full particulars and application forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

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